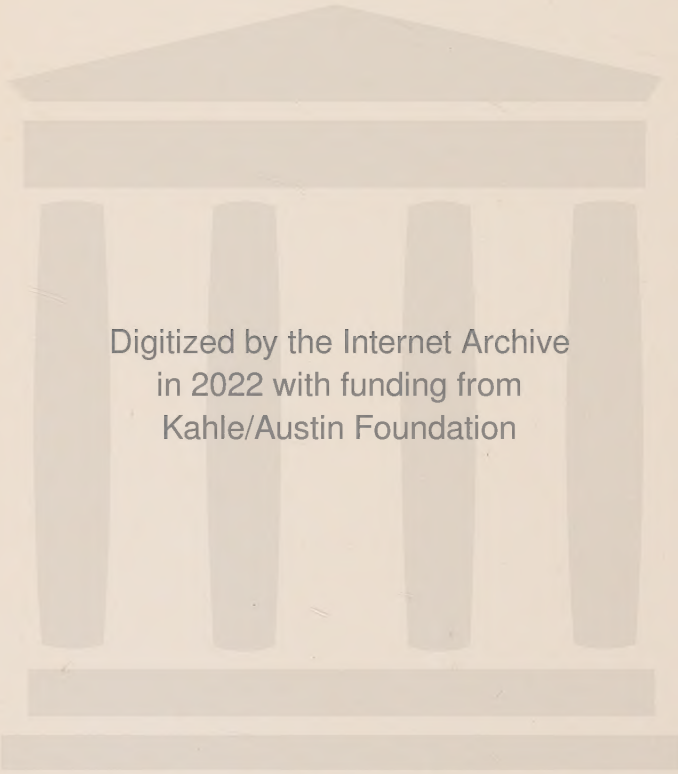


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good wishes - from a
Missouri admirer of
his work.

Howard Surran



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TIGER TRAILS
IN SOUTHERN ASIA



LOUIS HUGHES AUGUSTUS DEFOSSE

TIGER TRAILS IN SOUTHERN ASIA

BY

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With 115 Original Illustrations



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TO
EMMY LOU

When your thoughts go out to the jungle trails,
And the tiger tracks in the sand,
And the camp at night, in the white moonlight,
Then you will understand.

Foreword

This little volume is not an authoritative treatise on tigers. In reality, it is a compilation of a series of notes made on a trip which originally was planned as a vacation, but which ultimately developed into a sort of endurance test. While the book contains some first-hand information, painfully gleaned, it was written entirely for pleasure, and should be read, if read at all, for the same reason.

It has been suggested that many big game hunters take themselves and their sport entirely too seriously. To them, every lion is a man-eater, every elephant a rogue, or a huge, devil-may-care tusker, thirsting for human gore. Aside from the rhinoceros, whose mercurial temperament is probably due as much to a morbid and moronic inquisitiveness as to innate ferocity, man-hunting animals are rare, and an unarmed native of Tanganyika, Cambodia or Assam is in far less danger on his own native heath than a healthy and well-trained Kansas Citian would be while dodging motor cars in Petticoat Lane.

There are of course a few hardships to be met, and difficulties to be overcome, but these should only whet the appetite, and whether you are crouching behind a tiny grass screen, waiting for a tiger, or plodding along beneath a red-hot sun, trying to get within gunshot of a big bull elephant, or lounging on the sandy bank of a tropical river, at the end

of a perfect day, you love it all, and afterward you will return to the hard pavements, and the clanging street cars, and the insistent telephone, and the thousand and one other irritating perplexities of city life, a saner and a wiser, if not a happier and a better man.

I am indebted to many friends and acquaintances for advice and assistance on the present expeditions. Mr. Jo Zach Miller III, secured for me letters of introduction from Mr. W. B. Walker, of the Standard Oil Company of New York, to various representatives of the Company in the Far East, and at Hongkong, Singapore, and, particularly, Saigon, I am indebted to these splendid young men for a multitude of kindnesses.

Mr. Harry Pethick, of the Hongkong office, especially was very generous, and I am under obligation to him for the excellent photographs of Angkor, while Mr. Acton Poulet, who is the most influential, as well as the most popular, oil man in all Asia, did everything in his power to make our stay in Indo-China a pleasant as well as a profitable one. We had a mutual friend in Mr. Frank Crowell Baker, of Kansas City, and this, together with the fact that Mr. Poulet was educated at the University of Kansas and at Yale, and is a fraternity brother of Mr. Waddell, made us feel that while visiting him and his charming and beautiful sister, Mrs. Horace Dickinson, we were with home folks.

To Judge James E. Goodrich, Chairman of the Board of Curators of the University of Missouri,

and to President Stratton Brooks, I am indebted for the temporary appointment on the Faculty of my beloved Alma Mater.

Through the kindness of Senator James A. Reed, Sir Esme Howard, the British Ambassador to the United States, became interested in our plans for visiting India, and had the little expedition been a personal one, his Excellency could not have done more to further its success. Throughout our stay, their Excellencies, the Earl of Lytton, Governor of Bengal, and Sir John Kerr, K.C.S.I., Governor of Assam, did everything in their power to aid us.

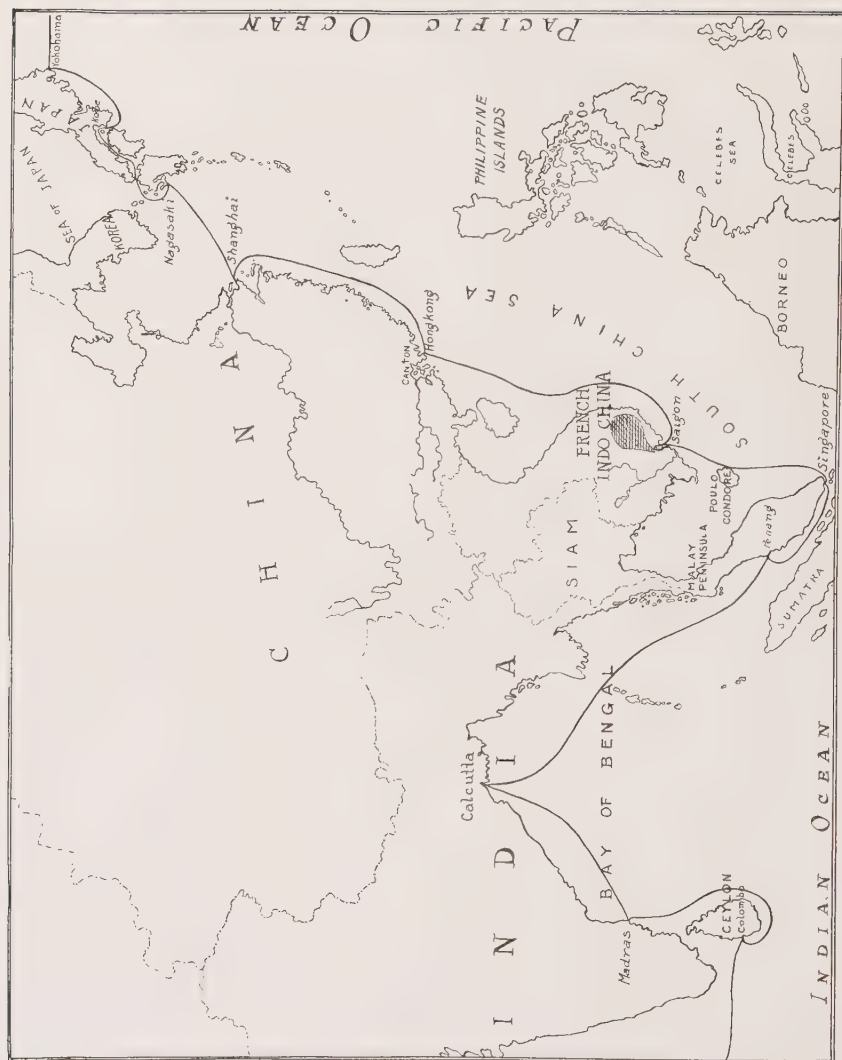
In the chapter on Tribes and Castes, I have drawn freely from the published work of Russell, Crooke, Fraser, Westermarck, Risley, Senart, Lyall, Purdon, and, particularly, Crawford. The statistical records I have taken from the Indian Census Reports for 1901, 1911, and 1921.

Nearly all of the included material was first published, as a series of letters, in "The Kansas City Star," and I am under obligation to this newspaper for courteous permission to use it here.

The chapter on Transportation and Equipment has been added for the information and benefit of brother sportsmen.

R. L. S.

Kansas City, May, 1926.



MAP SHOWING ROUTE PURSUED IN SOUTHERN ASIA, FROM YOKOHAMA TO COLOMBO

TIGER TRAILS IN SOUTHERN ASIA

The Road to Saigon



SAIGON is the Paris of the Orient. Tokio may have her temples, Shanghai her magnificent Bund, and her horde of wild, wild Russian refugees, with their fuzzy blonde haloes, and their insatiable thirst for expensive brands of champagne, and Hongkong her wonderful harbor, but when a good man in the Far East dies, his soul flits straight to Saigon, there to find peace and happiness and beauty, together with long, cool drinks, and a joyous and hearty Gallic welcome.

But the road to Saigon! Ah, my brother, as the French say, that is the *embarrassment*.

From Kansas City to the Coast is not a far jump, and the Seattle-Yokohama leg is made short and delightful by association with such men as Captain Frank Nichols, and his handsome and efficient Staff of officers on the "President Jefferson," but from the time the doughty little Japanese health inspector first looks at your tongue until you clamber off the boat at Singapore, life is just one long series of surprises of various sorts.

A few high points stand out in bold relief—the charred wreckage which marks the site of the recent earthquake and holocaust along the shore at Yoko-

hama, the happy and frolicsome apple-cheeked kiddies of Japan, the tiny, checkerboard paddy fields in the interior of that ambitious little Island, the scores of tempting bargains in the primitive shops



The biscuit boy on the "President Jefferson"

at Kyoto, the broad, junk-dotted reaches of the river below Shanghai, and the beautiful, rock-ribbed harbor at Hongkong, these things are not soon forgotten.

But all of the experiences are not delightful ones. In Hongkong we stayed at the principal caravansary, a hotel noted for the cast-iron character of its mattresses, and its Whitworth fluid steel pillows, calculated to leave you with a chronic ingrowing ear, and a sullen desire for murderous vengeance. No human being could long retain a surplus of adipose tissue on that sort of a couch. No wonder few Hongkongers had ever even heard of elastic Yankee "reducing" belts! Why spend long, perspiring weeks laced up in a patent caoutchouc strangler, when a fortnight's stay at the city's chief hostelry is guaranteed to convert the plumpest kewpie into a graceful and sinuous panatella?

At the time, we thought the establishment unique, and in a class by itself, but later, to our horror, we discovered that it had a real, and even dearer, competitor in Calcutta.

Harry Pethick, a Socony official, and himself a noted shikari, together with two of his associates, Richard Sanger and D. E. Cappleman, the latter an eminent, although occasionally unfortunate, authority on the fascinating but elusive game of poker, not only presented us with the keys of the city, but led us to a decent eating place, and introduced us to a respectable tailor.

But we were impatient to be on our way, and the French mail boat was not due to sail for ten whole days! Finally, Mr. W. S. Field, the accomplished and erudite representative of the Admiral Line, proved his devotion by providing immediate trans-

portation. It was on the "Pheum Penh," a freighter belonging to the Wo Fat Sing Company, and we were grateful beyond words. The "Pheum Penh" was not a youngster, in fact, when it came to the matter of age, she had me bested by only a twelve-month, and I discarded rompers forty-five years ago.



Some apple-cheeked kiddies of Japan

But her lines were good, and when a quartering sea struck her, she could do the Charleston in a way that reminded me of the days of my youth, when, as a one and a half striper, I held down the job of chief medico on a little torpedo boat destroyer, off Hatteras.

With English officers and a Lascar crew, she had been in the China Coast trade for more than two

decades. Prior to that time, she had served, first as a passenger ship between Liverpool and India, and then, for two years, as a convict transport running to the Andamans. Consequently she was fairly redolent with sentiment, and other things.

The cook was a Chinese, and the Second Mate a hardboiled bucko, who, despite the fact that he was born south of the Tweed, had an intense and inordinate admiration for the Scotch. He was a perfect devil with the women, and when he wandered about on shore, in spotless whites, and a monocle, there was no telling what damage he might do. Like all Britons, he was a born sailor.

The Skipper, Captain Hall, was a most unusual and capable type of man, and he and his devoted little wife did everything they possibly could to make us comfortable. But the "Pheum Penh" simply was not that kind of a craft. She was full up with a light but bulky cargo of green vegetables, rice, chickens, and ducks on the after deck, while a hundred fat-tailed, Roman-nosed sheep, their backs artistically decorated with Chinese hieroglyphics, neatly laid on in waterproof black paint, were nested up forward. My shooting partner, Mr. Leonard Waddell, who for many years has been known to a multitude of admiring friends by the very appropriate and euphonious title of "The Judge," never did care for sheep, and this forced and intimate companionship was bound to ultimately affect his nervous system. And it did.

Ten minutes before the Blue Peter was hauled down, Romance stepped aboard, in the shape of half

a million dollars worth of gold bullion, conveniently boxed, and consigned to an Indo-China banking firm. As I watched Captain Hall check off the precious little boxes, and stow them away in an old-fashioned steel safe, my mind snapped back to another steamer, beached and looted by Chinese pirates less than a month before. That evening, I had the boy unrope one of the gun trunks, and when I dozed off in fitful slumber, a few hours later, my pet six gun rested snugly beneath my pillow. But I failed to even dream of pirates, let alone see one.

Before sailing from Hongkong, we had exchanged our English currency for French money, and as we had each picked up, or had foisted upon us, a few bad coins at every port we had visited, the contents of our pocketbooks began to resemble a numismatist's collection.

In the Far East, money changing is a fine art, and is one of the oldest and most interesting of occupations. Even the newsboy who comes aboard the steamer at the mouth of the Whangpoo occasionally indulges.

Strange to say, the vocation is one which may be practiced with profit by everyone concerned, except the changee. For example, an unsophisticated—or even a sophisticated—tourist can start in at, say, Singapore, with one hundred dollars, gold, and change his capital into distinctive (and possibly pathognomonic) coin of the realm at every port as he proceeds northward. From gold dollars to Singa-

pore dollars, from Singapore dollars to piastres, from piastres to Swatow dollars, from Swatow trade dollars to Hongkong dollars, from Hongkong dollars to Chinese dollars, from Chinese dollars to the Mexican dollars of Shanghai, from Mexicans to taels, from taels to Japanese yen, ad infinitum, until, by the time he reaches the dock at Kobe, about all he will have left is a bad taste in his mouth, a headache, and six bits.

I celebrated January first by slipping, and falling down two flights of stairs. Only my record as a militant prohibitionist saved my reputation. A severely injured heel was the sole evil consequence, but even now, when I occasionally limp, and friends question me, I do not divulge the date of the accident.

On the fifth day, we reached Saigon. There we were met by Mr. Acton Poulet, of the Standard Oil Company of New York, who promptly adopted us, and to whom we are indebted for a multitude of favors.

Through various experienced Nimrods, Curtis King, Major J. A. Considine, of the 7th United States Cavalry, David Mackenzie, Herbert Bradley, Major Raymond Lee, and others, we had heard that Indo-China was the premier tiger country of the world. And we were from Missouri. According to some of these aforementioned authorities, there was an elephant on every hilltop, a tiger behind every bush. Afterward we found that they had not exaggerated, much, although I do not think they

properly emphasized the natural diffidence of the brutes. Never before had I encountered, or tried to encounter, a more reticent set of beasts.

French Indo-China includes the Colony of Cochin China, and the Protectorates, under modified native rulership, of Tonking, Laos, Annam, and Cambodia. It is bounded on the west by Siam and the Gulf of Siam, on the northwest by Burma, on the north by



Temple of Angkor Watt, showing portion of the right vaulted gallery

China, and on the east and southeast by the Gulf of Tonking and the China Sea.

The principal rivers are the Mekong, and the Song-Koe. There is an S-shaped chain of mountains extending southward and eastward from the Yun-Nan range. These vary in height from 1500 to 6000 feet.

The best game country lies in the southeastern quadrant, and includes Annam, and the southern tip

of Laos, with small portions of Cambodia and Cochin China.

The northern Provinces, and particularly Tonking, are celebrated for their manufacturing and mining industries, while the greater parts of both Cochin China and Cambodia are given over to the cultivation of such commodities as rice and rubber.

Magnificent Angkor, the rediscovered city, is in



One of the two libraries, temple of Angkor Watt

Northwest Cambodia, near Tonle Sap, and can be reached by steamer from Saigon, or, better and more quickly, by motor car (via Soi-Ring, Pnom-Penh, and Kompong-Thom).

A description of these marvelous ruins has no place in a book on tigers, but a visit to this Mecca of modern archeologists is well worth the time and trouble of anyone who is seriously interested in the history of mankind. The remnants of the beautiful

temple at Phan Rang, on the East Coast, indicate that the talented ancient builders did not confine themselves or their efforts wholly to the interior of the great peninsula.

According to Garnier, French influence first began to make itself felt in Indo-China about 1787, when a treaty of peace was concluded between the two countries, the king, Gia-Lang, handing over Tourane



Bird's-eye view of Angkor Watt. It took 30,000 men forty years to build and decorate this temple

and the Island of Poulo-Condore (which has for many years been used as a penal settlement) to France. Gia-Lang's successors did not inherit that ruler's kindly and generous disposition, however, and frequent disputes and bickerings led to the sending of a French fleet to Tourane, in 1858.

Saigon was stormed and captured early in 1859, by Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, but it was not until

1862 that the three Provinces were ceded, and other concessions made, to France. The Cambodia protectorate was established in 1863, and in 1883 and 1884, Annam and Tonking followed suite.

The Annamese form about eighty per cent of the entire native population, the balance consisting of Khmers or Cambodians, the Chams of Southern Annam, Thais and Laotians, together with Moos and Yaos (of Chinese extraction), and the Mois and Khas, autochthyanous tribes which may be classed as barbarians or savages, and which correspond to the African Schenzy, or wild men.

The Jungle



THE Saigon-Phantiet "Express" is scheduled to leave the capital at the pleasing hour of six in the morning. In reality, it generally starts a bit later, so as to give the passengers an opportunity to bid farewell to their city friends, and the agent a chance to provide all of his prospective customers with tickets.

We had been so fortunate as to secure for our white hunter, or guide, M. Defosse, of Gia Huynh, who is not only the most noted big game shikari in all Asia, but an accomplished and educated gentleman, as well. Born at Boulogne sur Mer, in the late seventies, he had joined the French Colonial Army at the age of twenty-one. A talented linguist, he had served as court martial interpreter for several years, but had finally taken advantage of "pioneer leave," which permitted him to spend much of his time in the wilderness, reporting to his Colonel only once each twelvemonth. Always an enthusiastic sportsman, he finally quit the Army, and ultimately married a beautiful and attractive Annamite lady, a native of Mytho, and settled at Gia Huynh. In addition to a son, Louis, a fine little chap of fourteen, there are three charming daughters. The home in the wilds resembles a large village more than it does a residence, a large, comfortable bungalow, thatched with

palm, innumerable satellite huts, for servants and retainers, and a well protected buffalo and bullock corral, all located in a big, grassy "oasis" in the very heart of the jungle.

Our program demanded quick action, and we wasted no time in Saigon. Our boat was docked late on Monday afternoon, and through the influence of Mr. Poulet we were allowed to pass unmolested through the Customs, taking our guns and ammuni-



M. Defosse, and his favorite riding horse

tion and other equipment directly to our hotel, the Grand Rotonde, where we were treated hospitably and well.

Business hours in Indo-China are very sensible, in that they are made to conform with the temperatural changes, and the majority of the stores open at 7 A.M. At 11 o'clock, the blinds are pulled down, the doors locked, and everybody goes home for break-

fast. On arising, coffee, with butter and rolls, is universally served. At 2 P.M., the business houses are again opened, to finally close at 6.



The Judge and M. Defosse

The unit of coinage is the piastre, which roughly corresponds in value to the Mexican dollar, and which is divided into one hundred cents.

Mr. Poulet picked us up at 7, in his big FIAT, and, after consulting a surgeon with regard to my

"Pheum Penh" heel, we filed our passports at Police Headquarters, and made financial arrangements for our safari. This consisted in going to the bank and buying a gunny bag full of small change, for none was to be had after leaving Saigon. I never felt so rich before in my life! A couple of coolies hoisted



The Defosse bungalow, with oxcarts in yard

our finances aboard, and we hauled the money back to the hotel. At 9, we again started out, with M. Defosse, to purchase our supplies. The food was of excellent quality, and the prices reasonable, and as we were to have bullock cart transportation, we did not have to restrict ourselves to dried fruits and similar alfalfa-like products, as I have sometimes had to do in the past. In consequence, as the English

say, we "did ourselves well." Tea is one of the most essential articles, for a weak decoction of this leaf took the place of water with us. All water must of course be boiled, and when it was taken in the form of tea, we KNEW it had been boiled, and could drink our fill without qualm or hesitancy. Beans, tinned meats, sardines, rice, tinned butter, sugar, condensed milk, condiments, lard, flour, crackers, and, last, but far from least, three dozen cans of delicious Pacific Coast fruit!

As a boy, I used to wonder when a troop of keen-eyed, leathery-faced, dust-begrimed cow punchers swept up to the little frontier general store, and, leaving their ponies with trailing bridle reins, promptly purchased all of the canned peaches, and even tomatoes, that the dealer had in stock. "Air tights," they called them, and the expression of heavenly bliss that would spread over those rough but manly faces as their owners slowly imbibed the delicious juice through the hastily punched holes in the can lids was a sight for the gods! But I do not wonder any more. For I too have seen the time when, half-roasted beneath a merciless, red-hot sun, with a tongue as rough and dry as a hot sand pile, I would gladly have given ten dollars for a quart can of cool, juicy, yellow-cheeked peaches, and considered it a bargain at the price.

That evening we were the dinner guests of Mr. Poulet and his sister, Mrs. Horace Dickinson, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Carter Harrison, of Chicago, who is a skilled sportsman, as well as the

champion Mayor of the world, and his talented literary wife. It was Mr. Harrison's ambition to kill a sladang, tigers did not intrigue him in the least, and I am happy to say that before he left Dalat he did kill a sladang, one almost as big as a haystack, with horns fully seven feet long.

Wednesday morning, I extracted the Judge from



My favorite equipage, a 1926 model

beneath his mosquito net, and we were dressed, and in the street, at 5 o'clock. We took with us only our shooting equipment, the trunks, containing the rest of our clothing, being stored at the hotel. I love the early hours of the morning, when even the little birdies are still fast asleep, but as we stood there, and shivered in the damp air, and watched the coolies

shuffle off to work, I was grateful that Fate had decreed me a six-thirty man, instead of one of the quarter to five variety.

Finally, M. Defosse arrived with the rickshaws, and we scuttled off to the station. The French are the most democratic people on earth, and in their overseas colonies they are even more democratic than at home, so we fought our way through the rabble that had stormed the ticket seller's citadel, dragged our luggage aboard, and were all set and ready when the starting bell sounded. But the train did not start. The engineer was very busy, whispering gallant nothings to a bright-eyed, scarlet-lipped little vamp on the platform below, who alternately chewed betel nut and giggled, and the fireman was digging away at a splinter in his thumb (wood is used for fuel on the railway), and the Judge was almost tearfully reproaching me for having made him get up half an hour too soon.

But at last we were under way, out past the gardens and the paddy fields, the neat little stations and the grass roofed farm houses, paralleling highways dotted with bullock carts and heavily laden, market-bound coolies. Every few miles, we passed a lonely Annamite family burial plot, the knobby, rough-hewn reddish stones standing out grotesquely in the early morning light.

Soon the intensively cultivated rice fields gave way to rubber plantations, thousands of tall, slender young trees, planted with geometrical precision in

clean and weedless fields, and finally, at the end of three hours, we reached Bien-Hoe. Here the jungle begins. And such jungle! I had encountered thick, tangled undergrowth before, along the Tana and the Uaso Nyiro, and the Amazon and the Panuco, but never like this. Only a bowie knife could penetrate



An Annamite family burial plot

it. Huge trees, Go and Caicay and Vung and Roi and Coke (we learned to know them only by their native names), creepers, from the size of a basting thread up to serpentine giants, the diameter and length of a ship's cable, plants and shrubs, their tops sprinkled over with pink, and blue and snowy white blossoms, bamboo and rattan, orchids, of all sizes and shapes and a hundred different colors, clinging

tightly to protecting trunks and branches, their delicate leafy aerals swinging like green nets in the breeze; these, and a thousand other growing things met our eyes. And in the matter of thorns, the flora



Rattan (above) and bamboo thorns

of Annam was a revelation. One morning Louis and I collected sixteen different varieties of armed shrubs and vines, in less than three hours! The tropical cottonwood has a prickled studded trunk, and many of the bamboos are thorny, while the rattan vine

has a loose outer sheath or covering which is adorned with needle-like projections an inch or more in length. Before the creeper can be used, this outer layer is peeled off, and the hard shelled core is then split into strips of suitable size.

Occasionally, one finds large areas in which the smaller undergrowth is practically absent, and where



Some common types of thorn

the tops of the lesser trees mingle and intertwine in such a way as to form a leafy and almost impenetrable roof, pierced here and there by a tall cottonwood or Go tree. Peacocks select these huge forest giants as roosting places, and I have known an impatient Nimrod to spend an hour or more directly beneath a big tree which he knew harbored a long-

tailed bird but of which he never succeeded in getting even a glimpse.

The great creepers remind one of pythons and boa constrictors, and often they treat their forest brothers just as the snakes do theirs. To me, it was always pitiable to see a tall, straight trunked young tree which had fallen into the clutches of a big creeper. The result invariably is the same. Slowly the great vine works its way up to air and light, coil upon coil encircling the helpless victim. As the creeper increases in size and strength, it clings closer and closer, until at last its powerful folds are practically buried beneath the surface of the supporting trunk. Ultimately, nutrition is interfered with, and finally the tree, which is now but a withered, corkscrew shadow of its former self, dies.

The rainy season lasts from April to October, and it is during this period that the vegetation is at its best. By the first of January, the tall grass and the smaller shrubbery are brown and dry, and the natives clear large areas by means of fire.

Of the various insects, mosquitoes are the commonest, and in this part of Indo-China, the inhabitants look upon an occasional attack of "fever" as a necessary evil. Generally, the response to quinine is fairly prompt, except in the rare instances when the disorder is of the blackwater type. Then medical intervention appears to be of but little avail.

Spiders are numerous, and of all sizes and many colors. The house fly, strange to say, is seldom seen.

This is undoubtedly due to the presence of the many scavengers. Vultures, hogs and mongrel curs haunt every Moi village, and nothing ever is wasted, or left to attract insects.

Of the reptilian world, the crocodile is the largest representative. Great numbers are to be found in the rivers, and especially in the Mekong, the Saigon, the Donai, and the Lagna, but here they seldom molest the natives. It is in the large areas that have been inundated during the rains that they are most dangerous, for it is here that the Mois spear fish, and as the big saurians lie hidden in the underlying soft mud, it is not at all unusual to encounter a native who has lost the calf of a leg, or even an entire limb, from the bite of a crocodile.

While we were disappointed in the small number of snakes seen, we succeeded in finding a few good specimens. The pythons are the largest, although in Annam and Cambodia they do not attain the huge proportions that they do in some parts of India, and a twenty-footer is rather a rarity. After the grass was burned, we often found their trails, which looked like the mark left by dragging a big rope over the ground. They are partial to water holes, particularly "tanks," where the smaller deer congregate. They seldom if ever attack man.

Tree vipers are fairly common. Bright green in color, from four to six feet long, with flat, diamond-shaped heads, and well-loaded poison sacs, they are disgusting looking, as well as dangerous customers.

We often found them while building tiger bomas, and one once tried to occupy the same little nest with me, to the detriment of the building, for I knocked down one entire wall in making my get-away.

A small green snake, with very fine black checks on its back, frequently haunts dwellings. It searches the walls and roof for insects and mice, and is quite



Green vipers, a family group

harmless. It should be protected, but as one generally kills a snake before examining it, I fear the diagnosis is seldom made in time. The krait, or kariat, is found throughout Southern Asia, as is also the brown viper. Both are extremely poisonous. The coral snake is a very sluggish reptile, and for this reason not so dangerous as it would be if active and

alert. The males are red in color and the females gray. When lying in the trail, it assumes the shape of a big corkscrew.

To me, the cobras are the most interesting of all. The general belief that these snakes live and travel in pairs is not borne out by the observations of M.



Moi swine, showing mother and child

Defosse. They are of two varieties, the black or common cobra, and the king cobra. Both not infrequently attain a length of eight feet. The king cobra is dirty yellowish-brown in color, and is inclined to favor human society. Ordinarily, the hood is not distended, although the snake travels with its head slightly raised. The king cobra is the most aggres-

sive of the two, and is feared by the natives. If it were not for the wild and the semi-domesticated pigs, Indo-China would be overrun with snakes.

Near our first camp, at a Moi village on the Camy River, there was an old rice granary in which lived a beautiful king cobra. I have a suspicion that the Moïs regarded him with a sort of religious veneration, for the offer of a reward of five piastres failed to bring him in. So one day Louis and I decided to try for ourselves. I stationed a bunch of coolies, armed with long clubs, around the granary, Louis and I selecting the strategic exits, and then fired the building. Finally his snakeship appeared, very much ruffled, on the side next to the jungle. The nearest coolie made a half-hearted swipe at him, and then ducked and ran. Strange to say, the snake's most dangerous enemy proved to be a rank outsider. A long, lean, toothpick-nosed female porker, not much thicker than a bookmark, had been closely watching our maneuvers from the very first. Apparently she too had an interest, undoubtedly gastro-nomic, in the proceedings, for when the big fellow finally broke for cover, it was the Moi pig that gave him the real run for his money. But even she was outdistanced, and we failed to secure our specimen.

The fauna of Annam, Cambodia and Cochin China is as plentiful as it is varied, and from the elephant down to the mouse deer is of great interest to the sportsman as well as to the naturalist.

While one does not see the great herds of game

that are so common in Kenya and in Tanganyika, this is because of the prevalence of thick cover, and spoor is found everywhere. We could always find fresh elephant tracks within a few miles of the De-fosse bungalow, and at many points along the rivers, the soft banks were so trampled and covered with footprints that they resembled barnyards.



Harry Pethick and his first buffalo

Tiger and elephant will be dealt with in separate chapters, but a brief description of the other game found here may be of interest.

Buffalo are plentiful in the area bounded by the Darlac range, the railway, and the coast. The animals are large, from 2500 to 3000 pounds, and have very little hair. Their horns are long, and well-shaped. They live around the water holes, and solitary bulls are not at all uncommon. Their sense of

smell is almost marvelous, and if there are more than five or six in the herd, successful stalking is difficult. When wounded, the animal is both vicious and cunning, and is liable to cause trouble. April is the best season for hunting them, and only hard-nosed ammunition should be used.



A large sladang

The sladang, which is probably identical with the gaur or Indian bison, is frequently encountered, and is a handsome and splendid animal. A good specimen will weigh around 2500 pounds. The sladang is found in the jungle, and does not share the buffaloes' love for water. One sometimes runs into them while hunting elephant. They are extremely wary, and

difficult to stalk. For this reason, it is best for each man to go alone, or be accompanied only by a Moi tracker.

The banting looks something like the eland, although it is much the larger animal of the two. It lives in territory very similar to that selected by the sladang. Standing about five feet at the shoulder



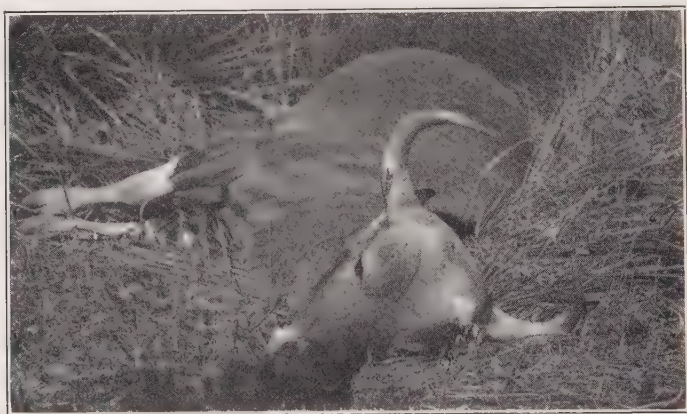
A female banting

with well-curved horns and a fawn-colored coat, it is an extremely beautiful and attractive quadruped.

It is the least active of all the larger game, however, and when I see one under way, I always think of the tired business man who went into a department store, looking for his wife. "And what sort of a looking lady might she be?" enquired the Irish floorwalker. The T. B. M. sighed wearily, and then his face brightened. "She's a large, pink limousine,

and she always travels on low," he replied. And that, my friends, describes a banting.

The deer family is well represented. The sambhur is the largest and the commonest, particularly along the Camy, and it was not at all unusual for us to secure three or four in one morning. Unlike the banting, the sambhur is a trifle too small for tiger



A young male banting

bait, although we occasionally employed them for this purpose.

A good male sambhur weighs about two hundred pounds, with an antler spread of some thirty-six inches. The venison, and particularly that from the younger animals, is delicious. The "belling" of the sambhur sounds poetical, but it is really not very bell-like.

Of the smaller species, the barking deer—and it really does bark, morning, noon and night—is the

most plentiful, while the poor, innocent little hog-deer, which received that dreadful and uncomplimentary appellation simply because some careless



The Judge and his first sambhur

scientist thoughtlessly and inadvertently added a *suus* to its cognomen, is seen everywhere.

The mouse deer is even smaller than the dik-dik antelope, and is as active and graceful as that charming little beast. It lives deep in the jungle, and the

Mois either trap it, or shoot it from ambush with a cross-bow, concealing themselves in a palm-leaf boma, near a tree which bears an acorn dear to the heart of the tiny little animal.



The Judge with two barking deer

Bears, of a variety resembling our black bear, occasionally are seen, as well as anteaters. The latter are probably identical with the aard-varks of South Africa. The armadillo, however, does not in the least

resemble those found in Texas, Florida, and Mexico. Instead of being protected by shell-like plates, it is covered with scales, and has an iguana-like tail.

There are no hyenas, but we saw many wolves. They were the size of Western coyotes, but redder in color. A few Indian rhino, of the single-horned,



M. Defosse with a hog deer

armor-plated variety are to be found, but in twenty years Defosse had killed only two.

The leopard is identical with that found in Africa, and is a beautiful, but exceedingly wary, beast. Unlike the Indian leopard, it must have its bait alive or at least fresh, and because of this, very few leopards are killed. It is very probable however that

they could be successfully trapped, using a live dog or a goat as a decoy.

Defosse told me of a very pretty legend which the Annamites have regarding the leopard and his skin markings. At one time, long ago, when men and animals possessed a common language, a leopard was watching a buffalo drag a primitive plow through



A Darlac elk

a stump patch. Apparently, the plough boys of those days talked and acted very much as they did in mine, for after supper, while the buffalo was still munching his fodder, the leopard came to him and said, "Why do you let that long, forked, flat-head of a man talk to you like that, and even beat you with a stick? You could speedily put him out of commission with just one poke of those beautiful horns of yours. Why don't you do it?"

The buffalo—he was a very unusual buffalo, and of a kindly, philosophical disposition—was shocked, almost beyond words. “Why, Brother Fawnskin,” he exclaimed (at that time all leopards had an unmarked, tawny, lion-colored skin) “how on earth can you suggest such a thing! Man is a creature of



A plump young armadillo, Asiatic model

superior intelligence. It is decreed that we must obey him.” The leopard was disgusted, and on his way home the things he muttered about buffaloes and about men, and particularly about men, would not look nice in print. But the more he reflected, the more he became convinced that he, too, would like to be a creature of superior intelligence. So

finally he decided to go to man for advice. The owner of the buffalo was something of a psychologist, as well as a tiller of the soil. He had overheard the conversation between the leopard and the buffalo, and he resolved to play a joke on the leopard that the latter would remember for a long time.

"Yes," he said, "I can teach you, but you must do exactly as I say, and do it without question." The leopard was something of a highbrow himself, and this did not appeal very strongly to him, but he at last consented. The man told him to return, the next Saturday afternoon, and he would give him his first lesson. When the leopard reported for instruction, the farmer took a strong piece of rattan, and started to tie his feet together. The leopard objected. "Very well," said the farmer, "please yourself." And he started back toward the hut. But the leopard's desire for knowledge overcame his suspicions, and he begged the man to go ahead with the lesson. So the man tied the cat's feet together, and then started to build a fire.

"Why the fire?" asked the startled feline. "Do you want to be taught or not?" indignantly demanded the agriculturist. Finally the little fire had burned down to a pile of smouldering embers. The man grabbed the leopard, and threw him on the hot coals. Then he picked up a charred stick, and gave him a thorough beating. "This is the first lesson," he said, "Tomorrow you must return for the second." But the leopard had had enough. The rattan withes

which bound his feet burned through, and the minute he was loose he tore off to the jungle. His beautiful, fawn-colored coat was covered with black marks, his toes were burned a rich dark brown, and his temper was thoroughly and completely wrecked. Since that time he has always distrusted man, and



A five-foot lizard

harmed him at every opportunity. When the buffalo saw what was happening to Brother Leopard he thought it a splendid joke, and he laid down and rolled over with laughter. His nose struck a rock, and all of his upper teeth were knocked out. Since then, buffaloes have never had any upper teeth.

In discussing the reptiles, I neglected to mention

one very important member, the Varan. Varans are huge, soft-skinned lizards, and it is said that in some parts of Java and Sumatra they attain to a length of eighteen feet. Those of Indo-China are not so large, the biggest one that we saw being only a ten-footer. But to an unsophisticated amateur, a ten-foot lizard looks pretty big. They live in holes in the ground, and feed on frogs, insects and dead meat. They can climb trees, and swim as well, and the speed with which they travel over even rough ground is amazing. We often saw them when they visited our tiger baits. When you are awaiting a tiger, it is little short of *lese majesty* to shoot at smaller game, so we seldom troubled them. They never came until the dead bullock or buffalo was in an advanced stage of decay, and then they fed only on the entrails. They are harmless.

Defosse had told us of them, and the Judge saw two before my turn came. At last my curiosity was to be satisfied. The bait which had been disturbed lay about five miles from camp, and near an old water hole. I had gone on watch at six-thirty that morning, and as I had not yet recovered from a slight attack of fever, had been visited by my regular chill at eleven. Consequently I was still a bit light-headed and flighty when my handsome young friend arrived, about four-thirty. As I glanced through the little peephole in the front of the boma, I saw the long, ungainly form, with its short legs and pudgy feet—the toes looked as if they had been made of



M. Defosse and J. L. Myers of Manila, capture a seven-foot lizard

putty, and stuck on as an afterthought—and flexible, spatulate tail.

As I gazed, the lizard, which had clambered up on top of the dead bullock, lifted its spade-shaped head, and looked straight at my tiny grass shelter. I had been drinking only lukewarm tea, so I knew it couldn't be that. For a moment I was shocked and startled. The brute ran out its long, forked, bluish tongue and deliberately licked its right ear! And then it elevated the comb-like fringe on the back of its neck. Talk of your prehistoric monsters! It resembled nothing so much as a crudely constructed and hastily assembled nightmare, going some place to be dreamed. I could hardly resist the temptation to shoot, but I held my peace, and after the thing had devoured, or rather gulped down, about forty pounds of highly flavored meat, it trotted off home.

I judged it to be about ten feet long. Others called on me afterward, at various points along the bait chain, but none was so large, or made such an impression on me, as the first one.

The wild pig is found throughout the game area, and not infrequently it creates havoc in the rice fields and maize patches. At best, the Moi is a poor farmer, and after a visit from a drove of wild hogs his wretched little farm looks as if an earthquake had struck it. The males are absolutely fearless, and when wounded they invariably charge. Even the tiger fears them. He may drag down an adult

bullock, or even a buffalo, but he leaves the wild boar alone.

There are game birds of all sorts, sizes and colors. The largest and most beautiful is the peafowl, many



The Judge and M. Defosse with a peacock

of the cocks having resplendent tails five or six feet long. They are excellent for the pot.

Geese and ducks, pheasant, snipe, grouse, plover, quail and jungle fowl are to be found in great num-

bers. The wild chickens closely resemble our tame ones, but are smaller and far more active.

In the neighborhood of Saigon, and particularly on the mud flats of the delta, the snipe flourishes, and probably the best snipe shooting in the world is to be had there.



Minh exhibits a hornbill

Parrots, and especially the small green parrakeets, make quite good soup, and when we had not the leisure to pursue better game we sometimes employed them for this purpose. M. Defosse also spoke well of monkey as a dish, but personally I draw the line at about that point. No fricassed monkey for me.

Tigers

But old quinine set me right, put the little bugs to flight,
And the cats will find me waiting at the door:
Ready to cash in their checks, tie their tails around their necks,
And they'll never need a doctor any more.

—Moi Camp Song.



TIGER shooting is hard work. Aside from the wear and tear on the nervous system, careful planning, and plentiful amounts of good bait are essential. Defosse's formula for a tiger is "Patience, a bait and a rifle," and after a two month's course under his distinguished tutelage, I must agree with the master.

In Indo-China, tigers are shot over dead baits, in the daytime, from bomas located on the ground.

Tree nests, or machans, seldom prove successful, and the number of the brutes that are killed by ordinary stalking is infinitesimally small.

A very good and true story is told of four American Army officers who came over from Manila after tiger. They had never before hunted the big cats, and of their ways and manners they were as blissfully ignorant as a bunch of kindergartners. They selected Cambodia, the poorest field of all, and each day they would shoulder their rifles, in true infantry style, and go out and walk, and walk, and walk. Three of them were long and skinny, and excellent pedestrians, but the fourth was a plump little Major (I can sympathize with that man).

The Major was not strong on this foot-racing business, and, besides, he simply could not keep up with the procession. They never saw any tigers, so stimulation was lacking, and finally the skinny men got sore. So on the fifth day they gave the plump little Major a lecture on the error of his ways, and left



The first tiger

him to vegetate in camp. For a time he was terribly depressed, but finally he took a Moi tracker, and wandered out into the jungle. It was coolest in the dongas, so, subconsciously, he stuck to the ravines. About nine o'clock he sat down on a log to catch up with his respiration, when suddenly two little tigers dashed up within twenty yards of him and began to

play. He was a trifle slow on his feet but not on trigger, and he promptly massacred both of them. They were not large, but they at least had stripes and were real tigers, so his joy can be imagined.

He promptly shouldered one kitten, his bearer the other, and they hiked back to camp. It probably is well that they did, for I imagine the mother was a trifle upset when she failed to locate her offspring, and I had rather play tag with a packing case full of hungry rattlesnakes than shake hands with a nervous and irritable mother tiger under those circumstances. The party remained in Cambodia three weeks, and the two little felines were the only ones they ever saw!

I shall never forget my first impromptu date with one of the great cats. We had been stringing out dead sambhur along the bait line on the Song-Gieng River, and had left a bullock cart containing two of the big deer at a fork in the main trail.

When we returned an hour later, we found that a tiger with pugs the diameter of a soup plate had walked twice around the cart and then, probably frightened by our noise, had stolen away. Defosse was almost excited.

"Who wants to kill a tiger?" he asked. What a foolish question! Both of us promptly volunteered, but as the Judge is slow and conservative, I beat him to it by at least fourteen seconds. But he is as generous and magnanimous as he is handsome and brave, and he promptly said, "Yes, let Doc do it. He

is the boy for the job." So they removed the biggest and deadest sambhur, and dumped it in the middle of the road. It had been dead two days, and was a trifle misshapen, in fact the body reminded me of a Sante Fe water tank. They rolled it over on its back, with all four legs sticking straight up into the air, like



The Judge is proud of this ten-footer

those of an inverted saw buck, and the flies, temporarily disturbed, settled back to their work. They made a noise like an Electric Park orchestra.

There was a big Go tree near the animal's head, and at the side of the well-worn game trail. Defosse stationed me behind the trunk of this tree, and the boys, who were simply a-thrill with joyous anticipa-

tion, proceeded to festoon me with vines and green branches. My canteen was hung near my nose, so I wouldn't make a noise when I got thirsty, and my rifle arranged for prompt and immediate use. After



A tiger track in moist sand

the porters had piled a hayrack full of shrubbery around me, our white hunter stepped back and viewed his work. Undoubtedly he was an artist. "Ah!" he exclaimed, and snapped an order, in Annamite,

to his assistants. It seemed that my shiny bald head still showed! They placed a leafy chaplet on my polished brow, and it was not until the next morning, when I vainly tried to open my eyes, that I discovered they had inadvertently included a handful of poison ivy leaves in the tribute. At last, all was finished.



Our first camp, showing living quarters and cook shack

The tiger, if he did his duty, would be within at least twelve feet of me, and if I failed to hit him in the eye I would have nobody but myself to blame. Then I suddenly remembered that I had left my six-shooter hanging on the bedpost. If the Judge had had his with him, I know that he would have fathomed my dilemma, and proffered the loan, but his was hanging

on the bedpost, too. And I simply couldn't ask Defosse for one. He was too *blasé*. When a man has killed forty-three tigers himself, and assisted, in a semi-official capacity, at the demise of a hundred



A close-up of our boudoir on the Song-Gieng River

more, how can he appreciate the feelings of an unsophisticated Missourian who has never even seen one of the animals on the hoof, only a few tracks? So I said nothing, but stood, like Pinkham's im-

mortal Georgian, while the cavalcade rattled off toward camp, the boys singing at the top of their voices. This is always done, to convince the tiger that everybody has departed, and the coast is now clear for a hearty breakfast.

I settled myself for an hour's rest. The brute probably wouldn't show up much before nine-thirty, and it was then eight. Now and then I would look at the bait. This was not really necessary, for something told me that it was there all of the time, but I am a careful man, and I wanted to take no chances. Finally, I began to have my doubts. You know that state of mind. The leaves had begun to dry and shrivel up, and every time I wriggled it made a noise like a cyclone in a tree top. And it seemed to me that I had to wriggle a lot. The dear little leeches and bugs and ants and other insects were constantly investigating me, and I had never itched in so many different places at once since I donned my first suit of red flannel underwear. Every time I stretched my legs the joints would pop like pistol shots. To me it seemed that they could be heard for blocks. In the jungle it is usually the smallest creatures that make the most noise, and the locusts and lizards and the nuthatches and woodpeckers all were busy. Huge, dry elephant's-ear leaves would become detached, and zigzag their way downward, through the tree tops and shrubbery, like small circular saws.

The ants, long, lank, lean, hungry, red devils, with sharp claws and pincer-like jaws, treated me the

worst. It seemed as if they had been born without hearts, for they did not appear to know the meaning of the word mercy. And other worries harassed me. What if my bullet failed to find a fatal spot, and the tiger should spring? There was only one way he could jump, and that was toward me!

The beasts feed on putrid meat, and both teeth



A four hundred pound tigress that caused trouble

and claws are loaded with bacteria which are absolutely deadly. Men have been known to die, and die promptly, following even a slight scratch. And here I was, five miles from camp, thirty-six hours from a hospital, and twelve thousand miles from Home and Mother, deliberately courting this sort of thing! Suddenly, I felt a bump on my forehead, and then

I realized that I had actually dozed off, and struck my head against the tree. The heat, and the monotony, and the drowsy hum of the flies had proved too much for me. I took a sip of lukewarm tea from the canteen, braced myself, and resolved that I wouldn't do it again.

Finally I thought the tiger came. In reality it was a tigress, long and slender and sinuous and graceful. She did not appear large, but she would grow, with distance and the years, and her skin, well stretched, would make an admirable trophy. I slipped the barrel of the .375 Hoffman up alongside the protecting trunk, hesitated a second as to whether I should try for a mouth or an ear shot—no need to spoil a beautiful, perfect skin like that!—and crooked my trigger finger. But there was no trigger to press! What on earth had happened to that gun? It had never failed me before! Then I heard a thundering noise, as if the roof of the Rialto Building was falling in, and I dodged, and rubbed my eyes. And there stood Thong, my chauffeur, with the bullock cart, waiting to take me home! And there hadn't been any tiger, and my rifle was in perfect condition, trigger and all!

Two days later, I played a return engagement, fifty yards down the road, with that same brute. He had dragged the remains of the deer into the jungle, where we had retrieved what was left of it, and I spent another nine hours over the bait. Time and again I got whiffs of his royal tigership, they have

a strong, musky odor which is both distinctive and lasting, and once I heard him cough, directly back of me, but I never caught a glimpse of him. That afternoon, when the boys came for me, we investigated the near-by dry water course, and found that he had scratched out a big hole in the wet sand, and spent the day there, seventy-five feet from where I waited to welcome him.



Minh shows how a Moi warrior rings the bell

In many respects the tiger differs from his cousin, the leopard. The tiger loves water, and will spend hours in a pool, with nothing but his head sticking out. He never hesitates to cross even a large stream. The leopard, on the other hand, has very little use for water, and, like a growing boy, avoids it when-

ever possible. But he is fond of frogs, and you may find his tracks in the sand, along a water course, where he has been searching for this delicacy. Defosse told me that he once saw a leopard catching frogs, and that the animal would first strike them with its front paw, then bite off the heads of the amphibians, and place the bodies in a neat pile at



Thong stringing out sambhur baits

the edge of the pond. Finally, when the spotted gentleman had secured a dozen or more, he would stop work, and eat the whole bunch, then go forth in search of more!

Tigers stick closely to the trails, and follow the game from one feeding ground to another. They never take to the jungle if they can avoid it. As a

rule, the first trail is made by the elephant. They wedge and push their way through brush which is so thick as to be practically impenetrable to everything else. Other animals, buffalo and banting, and especially deer, follow, and soon there is a well-defined though tortuous track where formerly the jungle reigned supreme.

Often one finds trees the trunks of which have been scratched and clawed for a distance of eight or ten feet from the ground. These are "tiger trees," upon which the great brutes clean and polish their nails, just as a house cat sometimes does. Freshly marked tiger trees are always good sign, as are also "rolls," in the grass, and, of course, recently made tracks. At our first camp, we frequently found where as many as five different tigers had patrolled the village during the night.

It has been suggested that dogs might profitably be employed in hunting the monster felines, as Rainey, Lewis, and others have used them for lions, in Africa. But pursuing tigers is not healthful exercise for a dog. Lions appear to fear them, but tigers don't. In fact, they simply love them, and the bigger the better. In some way the dog seems to know this, and just the smell of a tiger will cause the average canine to seek refuge between his master's legs, and no amount of persuasion, verbal or physical, will drive him away. Apparently he appreciates the fact that he occupies a favored place on his enemy's diet list.

Unless they are females with kittens, these tigers appear to have no regular place of abode. We often found their temporary bedding places in the tall grass. The stalks were always bent in one direction, like this /////. Deer, on the other hand, push the grass both ways, \\\\//\\//.



Showing arrangement of bait and blind

The usual, and most successful, method of hunting the felines is to search until fresh tracks are found, and then decoy them by means of bait. The beasts haunt the game areas, and as fast as the water holes dry up, they follow the deer and antelope to new fields.

One or more baits are put out, a chain of from four to ten giving the best results. Buffalo and bullocks are to be preferred. A likely spot, always

in the jungle, where the bait will be safe from vultures, is selected, and the decoy animal killed, and securely fastened, by means of a steel cable, to a tree. A small grass boma or hiding place is then built, about fifteen or twenty feet away, and all arrangements made. Nothing must be disturbed after these preliminaries are completed. Every morning, between the hours of six and eight, the baits are visited. Occasionally the tiger is feeding at the time, but as a rule he is not. If the bait has been disturbed during the night, the animal will probably return, either in the morning or the afternoon, and so his pursuer promptly secretes himself in the boma, and the porters and gun boys cover him up, and go noisily away.

Tigers seldom charge a boma, and there is practically no danger involved. You sit and wait, as quietly as possible, and if you are fortunate you may get a shot within a few days, or even a few hours. The quarry does not always approach the bait in the same way. Generally you do not even know when it arrives, and the first intimation is a growl, or the noise made by the crunching of a bone. I have had experience with all sorts of big game, elephant, lion, rhino, buffalo, and bear, and I must acknowledge that none of them gives you the thrill that a tiger does. At fifteen feet, they look as big as a bungalow, and anything but kindly and gentle. They are not dainty feeders, and while they probably

prefer fresh meat, when hungry they will take it in practically any state, high or low.

The surrounding jungle is thick and dark, and a wounded beast is almost certain to escape, consequently a head or a spine shot is essential. Inasmuch as the head is as large as a bushel basket, a head shot is not nearly so difficult as it sounds.



Visiting tiger baits on the Lagna River

Defosse always advised us not to shoot when the brute was directly facing the boma, because the death spring might land him right on top of the blind, and as the walls are so thin that a two year old child could throw a peanut through them, this might prove detrimental to the health and welfare of the occupant. But when a heavy rifle is used, and

I prefer a double .465, the tiger doesn't spring, he is anchored right there, for eternity. Another advantage of the large missile is the lessened liability to deflection. An ounce bullet will cut through a twig the size of a slate pencil and still find its mark, while one of less than two hundred grains, and particularly



Tiger skins at the Lagna River camp

one of very high velocity, will either fly to pieces, or go spinning harmlessly off into space.

The tiger's sense of smell is comparatively poor, but both his sight and hearing are extraordinarily good. When hunting, or being hunted, the color of his coat enables him to take advantage of every bit of cover. Unfortunately for him, he is a cat after all, and he has not complete control of his tail. Very

often, it is the involuntary waving of this graceful but unruly appendage that proves his undoing.

Their method of attack varies. As a rule, an Indo-Chinese tiger runs alongside his prey and if it be small or of moderate size, seizes it by the back of the neck and breaks its neck. Buffalo it attacks from behind, and drags down, taking no chances with the animal's horns. It is extremely doubtful if they ever try to carry an animal over their shoulders, picture-book style. Of course when they are running, with their prey in tow, their heads are turned to one side, but in dragging large buffalo, or heavy pieces of elephant carcass, the tracks often indicate that the tiger first gets a good grip on the bait with his teeth, and then walks backward, dragging it as he goes. The enormous strength of a seven hundred pound tiger is almost unbelievable. They strike with their front paws, and the amount of power exerted can be appreciated only by experience, or by a careful examination of the shoulder muscles after the overlying integument has been removed.

Man-eating tigers are rare, but a few do exist. We saw one Moi village which had been deserted because of depredations from this source. They very seldom attack man in the daytime, but will kill and drag off live stock, right in the heart of a village.

The Mois do not possess firearms, and the tigers are probably aware of the fact, for the brutes are canny.

It is very difficult to successfully stalk a tiger in the open. One occasionally encounters them by

accident, but seldom by design. Unlike their leonine brethren, they never give the hunter any chronological leeway. The instant they see or hear anything unusual they are off, and the way they hike for a safety zone would make the average pedestrian on Michigan Avenue look like a terrapin with a wooden leg. They do not stop to investigate or to enquire,



On the Lagna Plains

they simply vanish. A streak of lightning would require spiked shoes and running pants to keep within gunshot of one for longer than seven seconds.

I have already spoken of the use of machans, or tree platforms. I never had recourse to one but once, and the experience will not soon be forgotten.

At Mr. Poulet's farewell dinner party in Saigon, Mrs. Dickinson had asked me where we planned to shoot. I told her that we would try a series of camps on the Camy, Song-Gieng and Lagna rivers, north and east of Gia Huynh. "Oh, I hope you will see the man-eater of Song-Gieng," she exclaimed, and she then told me of a huge tiger with a crooked foot which had caused much trouble in the Moi settlements along this beautiful little river.

Three weeks later, we were hiking along a game trail, four miles east of camp. "What a peculiar looking track," I heard some one say, and I turned to find the Judge, who is a born shikari, carefully examining some footprints in the wet sand. Apparently the left front foot was a trifle deformed, but it was the right rear one which had excited the curiosity of my shooting partner. The long axis of the print was almost at right angles to those of the other three. Defosse lounged back for a look, and I thought I saw him start, and change color when he saw the abnormal print. In a flash, I recalled Mrs. Dickinson's remark. I spoke of it to M. Defosse. He was irritated. "I have told you that there are practically no man-eaters in this country," he said, and then added, "Just because a tiger steals a few bullocks from a village and occasionally, and probably by accident, mauls a coolie or two, it doesn't necessarily make him a man-eater."

For ten days, we bent every energy to the capture of that brute. But he refused to be captured. He

would visit, and half devour, a bait one night, then desert it for thirty-six hours, to return and finish it the third night. He was the most uncertain and un-



A wolf which I mistook for a little tiger

dependable tiger you ever heard of. I never knew an animal to keep such irregular hours.

Finally we decided on a tree nest, the Judge and I to do alternate watches from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M. Fifteen hours is not a long stretch, to a fisherman or

a bridge fiend, but when you are perched up in a tall tree, with nothing to keep you company but a host of auburn headed, and very hungry ants, it is quite some vigil.

We had just about abandoned hope when I told the boys that I would try it one more day. In order to "change my luck," I took with me the little .30-'06 Hoffman carbine, a miniature but wonderfully efficient little rifle, instead of the double Holland. The hours dragged wearily by. Twelve o'clock came, and I ate a piece of venison, and took a swig of tea from my canteen. At four, a big peacock called on me, and as he strutted around the bait, and pecked at the cocky little jungle fowl that were enjoying the unwonted feast, I longed to operate on him. But higher ideals triumphed. At five, a keen-nosed, bush tailed brown stoat appeared on the scene.

Twilight fell, and I was glad, for it gave me a chance to safely and surreptitiously swat a few blood-thirsty mosquitoes. I had just rearranged my aching bones on the hardwood slats when I heard a low growl, and some ponderous body moving about on the ground, ten feet below me. Could my long hoped-for guest have arrived? Only the day before, I had killed a large, reddish-brown wolf at a neighboring bait, having mistaken it for a young tiger. The increase in size I ascribed to the magnification of my shooting glasses, but I have never been able to account for the stripes. Possibly I had drunk too much coffee for breakfast that morning.

I did not want to make another mistake. But the huge, shadowy body that was snuffling around my pet buffalo could admit of no diagnostic error. It **MUST** be a tiger. So I poked the slender barrel of the little Hoffman down between the slats of the machan (how I wished it had been my reliable old Ithaca ten-bore goose gun, loaded with slugs, or spike nails!), and opened the ball. You never saw a more surprised tiger in your life! He had no more idea than a rabbit that there was a fat white man roosting up in that tree. And the more he bounced, the more I shot. I would take no chances with one hundred and fifty grain bullets, and it was too dark to see where I was hitting him, anyhow. Defosse said that from camp it sounded like the second battle of the Marne. I had but seventeen cartridges with me, and as we afterward found eighteen holes in the hide, I think that I did pretty well for an amateur, although it did seem to me that he should have died sooner.

The Judge intimated that the extra wound was where the tiger had bitten himself, in his disgust at being killed by such a rotten shot.

When we had succeeded in bagging a tiger, we always waited a few moments, and then fired two notification shots, which meant that the brute was dead, and all was well. Three shots meant that the tiger was wounded and to approach carefully if at all, and four, that somebody was in trouble, and that things were far from well. Consequently you can

imagine the consternation at the base camp when they heard my fusillade. Defosse, the Judge and Louis arrived at about the same time, all stuffing extra cartridges into their guns as they ran, then a queue of Mois and Annamites, armed with coupe-coupes, axes, spears and clubs, and finally, old Peter, who was always late, with a bullock cart.



Our camp on the Lagna River

The pelt was so full of holes that it was practically worthless, but I saved it, anyway, and now my dear little wife uses it in place of a crocheted table cover.

Our last tiger camp was located at the junction of the Lagna and Mosquito Rivers, and the place, which is very like the Lorian Swamp, in Northern Kenya, fairly swarmed with game.

But it was very damp and cold at night, and it fairly swarmed with mosquitoes, too, and sooner or later all of us had fever. We took quinine until each felt as if he had permanently adopted a fife and drum corps. Every morning, when we put in our supplication for good hunting we always added a postscript, praying that the tiger and the chill would not arrive at the same time.

There is a popular little Moi camp song which is fairly descriptive:

If you love the cold, and the dew and the damp,
Spend a few weeks in a tiger camp.

The husky mosquitoes' siren song
Will vie with the quinine's, all night long.

At half-past four, it will seem but three,
You will hear the cook sound reveille,

And you crawl from your blankets, by ones and twos,
To chase the scorpions out of your shoes.

Your shirt is mildewed, your socks are wet,
And you haven't seen a tiger yet!

But the Red Gods will smile on your efforts at last,
Just as they always have smiled in the past:

And you'll laugh at the cold, and the dew and the damp
When you shoulder your kitten, and start for camp.

Of all big game shooting, that of tiger, under proper conditions, is undoubtedly the most interesting and fascinating. For real thrills, nothing else on earth can touch it.

Elephants



THE Indo-Chinese elephant, while not so large as his brother of the Dark Continent, is a fairly presentable animal, and capable of supplying excellent sport. When wounded, he is extremely dangerous, and owing to the character of the encompassing flora, an elephant charge in Annam is no joke. The beasts are from eight to eleven feet high, and run about a thousand pounds to the foot. Unfortunately the tusks are seldom good, but the feet make fine trophies, and the flesh, particularly that of the trunk, is quite palatable. Properly cooked, it tastes like well-flavored tongue. The heart and the feet also frequently are used for food, but, like the trunk, they, too, require skilled culinary attention.

There is a story told regarding the attitude of the men of various countries toward the king of the pachyderms. Following a strenuous but successful African campaign, it was decided that the several representatives should immortalize their experiences in print.

The Englishman wrote a little book entitled, "Shooting Elephants"; the Frenchman, "The Amours of the Elephant"; the German, "The Elephant and His World Weariness, a Clinical and Psychological Study in Zoological Ethics," in four volumes, with complete literary references, cross-indexed; the

Russian, "Does the Elephant Really Exist"; the Pole, "The Elephant and Polish Democracy"; and the American, "Bigger and Better Elephants."

If I were to concoct a monograph on wild elephants, I should entitle it, "The Elephant as a Pedestrian," for he certainly is the "walkingest" animal on the face of the earth.



The Judge with a four ton elephant

Successful elephant hunting is largely a matter of luck—and physical endurance. Ordinarily, one selects promising territory, and then starts out very early in the morning, for elephants do most of their travelling at night, hoping to cut a fresh trail. Sometimes you spend two or three days at this sort of

exercise before success finally crowns your efforts, and, again, you may find fresh spoor only a short distance from headquarters. A little Moi camp song describes an elephant hunt fully as well as I can do it in prose:

For a man who is anxious to do his best,
An elephant trail is the supreme test.

You arise from your slumbers ere break of day,
And the first gleam of light finds you on your way.

Spoor at last! And your spirits rise,
But you quickly are due for a sad surprise,

When your guide informs you, in accents cold,
That the tracks which excite you are four days old.

So you toddle along in the tropical heat,
With throbbing temples and aching feet,

Trying to put up a manly fight,
And hugging both courage and canteen tight.

But all things earthly must end, without fail,
Even an endless elephant trail;

Though you swear Lady Luck is a heartless vamp
When you crack your old tusker a mile from camp!

Elephants are not particularly careful where they go, so long as the footing is good, and they are very prone to tear down palm and banana trees, and unroof huts, apparently in a spirit of pure deviltry. This is particularly true in a country like Indo-China, where they are very seldom molested, or even disturbed.

Their caution is proverbial. I have seen a trail which led directly up to a strong logging bridge, a structure which would safely support many tons, but

not for Brother Elephant! The leader would carefully test its rigidity with one front foot, and then the whole herd would turn, and retrace their steps until they could conveniently enter the jungle. Later, having found a crossing which they knew to be safe, they would wade across, and continue their peregrination.



Typical elephant country

The distance they can cover in a night is a revelation to an unskilled sportsman. The usual rate at which they walk is about seven miles an hour, but, under stress, they can run as fast as a horse for considerable distances.

They have a wonderful sense of smell, even better than that of the buffalo, and one must always ap-

proach a herd from down wind. Having ascertained their probable whereabouts, the hunter circles them until he is directly to windward, and then slowly and gradually works his way up, meanwhile testing the wind from time to time by means of dust or kapok, until he is within range. The smaller herds



I borrow the Judge's elephant for a few minutes

usually consist of a male and four or five females, together with, probably, a youngster or two.

Only the males may be killed, but as they are generally the largest, and have the biggest tusks, selection is not difficult, unless the cover be very dense. As with the Indian elephant, a forehead shot is best, although a well-placed bullet in the

temple often proves immediately fatal. When using a small-bore rifle, the target should be restricted to one of these two areas. With a properly constructed heavy rifle, however, the case is different, and a shoulder shot will anchor the quarry.

This was beautifully demonstrated by the Judge, with his first tusker. Suddenly, and without warn-



A water hole in a dry river bed

ing, a big bull, followed by three smaller elephants, started across the trail, directly ahead of our party. The Judge flipped up the .450-.400 double Jeffrey, and snapped at the leader. The solid, 400 grain, nickel-jacketed bullet struck the bull squarely in the left shoulder, and, despite the distance, one hundred and forty measured (not guessed) yards, the big fel-

low sat down right there. The rest of the herd milled around for fully ten minutes, and we might easily have slaughtered every one in the bunch had we been so minded, but all were small, and we finally fired in the air, to hasten their departure. All of us were



The Judge takes a look at his elephant's trunk

proud of the Judge, for he had accomplished a feat which Defosse did not think possible. It was the neatest and best shot that I have even seen made on big game, and it also showed what might be expected from a properly pointed cordite rifle of large bore, with a muzzle energy of several tons.

Defosse is a small-bore fan (who wouldn't be if he were sufficiently expert to amputate a June bug's eyebrow, off hand, with a bullet at fifty yards?), but I am not.

For the man of average skill, a heavy double rifle is not only the safest, but the most humane weapon to employ in attacking big game. While I consider the .577 a trifle too big, and, despite my affectionate regard for my old Westley Richards of that caliber, I shall never again lug it about with me in the field,



A typical Indo-Chinese elephant. They average less than five tons

a .400 or a .465 or a .470 is not, and should always be given the preference.

Of course one must not let confidence outweigh judgment, for a bullet, even though it be as big as a Ben Davis apple, when placed back of the waist line may fail to stop an elephant or a rhino, but a shoulder, or a neck or head hit will successfully turn the trick, nine times out of ten.

The Moi People



TO AN occidental, life in a Moi village is a revelation. At one turn of the wheel, you seem to have stepped back into the ages when the world was young. Primitive ideas prevail, in religion and dress, food and manners.

The Khas differ but little if at all from the Mois, and a description of one will suffice for both.

Autochthonous tribes driven far into the interior by the now dominant races, their blood intermingled with that of fugitives from the neighboring countries of China and Siam, it is little wonder that Fate and circumstance have combined to make them a people apart.

While the religion of the Annamites is rather a vague and tolerant Buddhism, the Mois are frank Animists. Everything is ruled by spirits. They believe that "all of the gods yet live to those who have ears to hear and eyes to see," but their bad gods so far outnumber their good ones that the latter must have a pretty strenuous time of it.

Their "medicine men" are not medicine men at all, but witch chasers, pure and simple. Fowls, and the lesser domestic animals are raised and protected solely for sacrificial purposes. A half-starved Moi will not sell you a sinewy, rubberized chicken for five piastres, but the moment his consort develops a

cough, or one of his children gets a fever, the witch doctor is called in, and the fowl promptly slaughtered.

Trees as well as animals possess souls, and often one finds a huge forest giant, the shade from which practically ruins an otherwise good bit of rice ground, spared because of the spirit which resides in it.



A well-ventilated Moi house in Annam

The Mois always speak of the tiger with great respect. To them he is Ong Cop, or "Mr. Tiger." He is inhabited by a demoniac spirit which if molested or irritated may cause them much trouble. He hears every remark that is made about him, and a caustic critic is sure to get into serious trouble sooner or later. Consequently they invariably speak

of him in an admiring or conciliatory, even if hypocritical, sort of way. Tigers' whiskers constitute the greatest of all charms against evil, and tiger fat likewise is a great cure-all.

Fortunately, when the beast yawns, after his noon nap, he spits out all memory of the things that have been said about him up to that time, and for this



A Moï village near our first camp

periodical cleansing of the slate, the Moïs are profoundly grateful.

The individual tribes are legion, and in some instances it is impossible for the inhabitants of two villages which may be located but a few miles apart to directly converse with each other. They have no written language, and the only common tongue is a

sort of pidgin Annamite, which serves for them the same purpose that Swahali does in equatorial Africa, and the tea garden "bat" does in India.

The people are directly ruled by chiefs, which they elect themselves, and which, if satisfactory, and sufficiently diplomatic, are re-elected and promoted.



Moving day in Annam. A Moi family with their household goods

These men draw no salaries, but live on what is known in the Far East as "squeezes," a term which in our country corresponds to the "emoluments of office." Like all politicians, the really successful ones are excellent practical psychologists, and they were by far the most intelligent and capable of the natives we met.

"Face" goes a long way among savage peoples,

consequently inferiority complexes among Moi chieftains are rare. Following the killing of the supposed man-eating tiger, a prominent leader, named Tanh Linh, rode over from the head village to pay his compliments, and to tender his thanks. He was a fine looking old chap for a savage, and, despite the



Moi types

fact that Louis had given me some private information regarding his character and habits that would have made a ground hog blush, I was glad to meet him.

I was not feeling at all athletic that afternoon, but I pulled myself together, and welcomed him as best I could, in pajamas and a pith helmet. The natives of the village in which we were then living

were very nervous and excited over the visit, probably because of the fact that he never failed to collect some sort of a tribute every time he called.

Louis, much to his disgust and to my amusement, had to serve as interpreter, and Tanh and I sat there and exchanged compliments until I was fairly dizzy. He had a quick come-back, and when I told him that I had heard much of his wisdom and fame, and was astonished to find him so young (he was well on the shady side of fifty, and fat), he thanked me, and said that I was a pretty young looking guy myself. Neither of us cracked a smile.

I gave him some cold tea, and the last can of the Judge's cigarettes, and he appeared grateful. I appreciated the honor of the visit, and I wanted to send him away feeling good, but I couldn't think of a blessed thing for a parting gift. As he passed out of the door, however, a little polished steel shaving mirror caught his eye, and I insisted that he take it along with him. His A. D. C. carefully wrapped it in a piece of cloth (there was really no need, he couldn't have shot a hole through it with an express rifle) and deposited it in a basket. I guess both cloth and basket were pretty well worn by the time they reached home, for I saw the vain and case-hardened old wretch take the mirror out three times and look at himself before he and his retinue had finally wandered out of sight.

The next day but one, he sent over a big bunch of bananas, and a gallon of very authoritative rice alcohol. The latter was probably meant as a hint

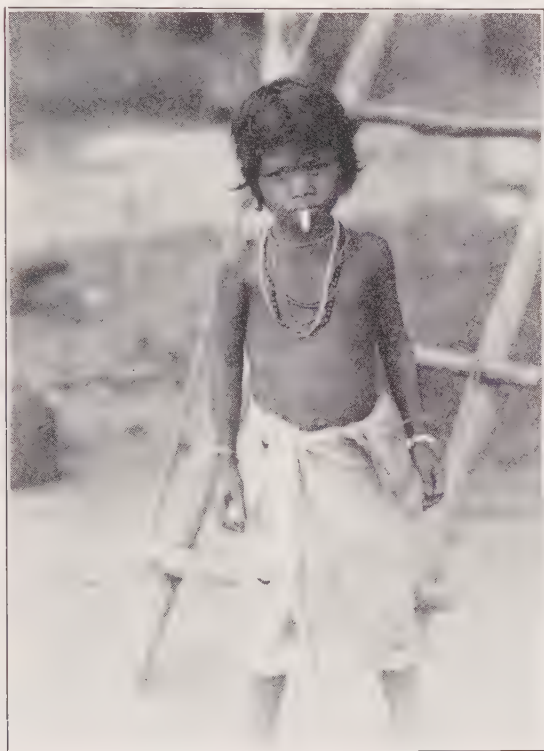
(for flavoring our tea!), but as we had seen no fresh fruit for a month, the bananas were very welcome. I felt that my hospitality was not misplaced, after all, and I noticed that dear little Louis, despite his dislike for the grizzly old chief, held up his end quite nobly that night when we attacked the bananas.



A Moi chief pays me a visit

We recruited a group of porters and gun-boys from that particular village, Bien and Ngai, Xin, Dong, Nhieu, Nhungba, Thut, and Minh. Of all our boys, Minh was the bravest and the best. He was loyal to the core, and afraid of nothing. Much taller than the average Moi, chocolate colored, and muscular, with a face so ugly that it would have stopped a clock, Minh's first impression on one was not par-

ticularly pleasing, but he certainly had the goods. He could of course speak only his own language, and that a local dialect, but he was willing and anxious



A Moi flapper tries a "Chesterfield"

to learn, and when anything was to be done, he was always right on the job.

He was the proud father of two little girls, one of whom used to sleep all day and yell all night, and while I frequently thirsted for her blood, I didn't

lay it up against Minh. He just didn't know how to raise a family. Too much individuality. Why, even their cat was spoiled. Such a clawing, yowling, fighting devil I had never seen. Actually, that cat would walk out and pick a row with every dog in camp, and then she would whip them, one by one. We would hear a frenzied yelp, and the next instant a yellowish, comet-like streak, with a biting, scratching shadow on its back, would go sailing through the village, and a few minutes later the cat would come parading up the main trail by herself, triumphantly waving her tail, as pleased as Punch. She certainly was one Grand Opera star.

Minh was an excellent tracker, one of M. Defosse's best pupils. He was undoubtedly the keenest native on blood spoor that I have ever seen. And he did not know the meaning of the word fear. Following up a wounded tiger requires skill and patience, as well as courage. Thong, an Annamite boy who had been with Defosse for many years, and who was an excellent shikari, wounded a tiger with buckshot, one night. Our white hunter was away for the day, but shortly after dawn the rest of us started out to see what we could do. We finally located the big cat, or thought we had located him, in a patch of tall elephant grass. It was a trifle too green to be fired, so the Judge and Thong took one angle, and Minh and I the other. Minh and I drew the winning card. Minh was cautiously wedging his way in, when a great yellow paw, armed with claws like the prongs

on a hay rake, shot out, and for an instant I thought it was going to descend directly on the head of my brave young friend. But he sensed, rather than saw, it, and as it descended, he dropped to the ground,



A Moi blacksmith tries his "bellows"

almost as quick as a flash, and crawfished out. I did not have a clear view of the brute, but I thought I knew the location of his shoulder and I cut loose with my right barrel. The soft nosed ounce bullet tore

its way through the intervening grass as if it were mist, and completed the job.

Thong was a fair shot, and a good boy, but at times a trifle thoughtless. He once meandered off with the bullock cart, and left me to supply my own transportation home, with the thermometer at one hundred and ten, and a sprained heel to supplement my joy and enthusiasm.

When I filed a protest, Defosse said that Thong had recently been disappointed in love, and that his mind sometimes wandered a bit. I passed word down the line that it had best not wander again while he was playing chauffeur for me, or there would be one more little mound in the lonely Annamite cemetery at Gia Huynh. After that, he appeared to brighten up, and to pay more attention to such trifling details as losing one of his passengers out in the jungle.

Many of the Moi men have features as delicate as those of a woman, and as few of them can boast of beards or moustaches, and practically all wear their hair long, and knotted on the backs of their heads, their resemblance to females sometimes is striking. Consequently I was not surprised when I once overheard the Judge ask M. Defosse, "Why are so many of our porters girls?"

They can use their toes almost as well as their fingers, and in picking up articles from the ground, they never stoop, but depend entirely on their pedal digits. They climb trees as nimbly as monkeys.

Their houses are built of bamboo and rattan, with

walls and roofs of grass. They are always placed on stilts, as a protection against tigers and snakes.

The food, which consists almost entirely of rice, with, occasionally, wild potatoes or other edible roots,



A Moi porter, showing method of hairdressing

and a bit of fish now and then, is cooked over a tiny fire which is held in a clay pot. There are no chimneys, and in consequence the rooms frequently are filled with acrid smoke. As a result of irritation

from this source, conjunctivitis is common. The smoke drifts up through the roof and blackens and chars it.

Several families occupy one house. While polyandry is unknown, a modified matriarchal domestic government prevails. When a man marries, he does not take the bride to a home of her own, but moves



A "Country Club" residence in Annam

in with his mother-in-law. Property descends through the maternal line. While the Mois have never heard of woman suffrage, the discipline undoubtedly is good for the men. It may curb their initiative a bit, but it at least causes them to treat their womenfolk with a fair degree of courtesy and respect.

The people have little regard for hygiene, and an epidemic of smallpox frequently decimates an entire community. M. Defosse, who has spent almost twenty years with them, is convinced that the race is slowly dying out.

The men, women and children all are inveterate users of tobacco. They grow the weed themselves,



A large Moi village in Cambodia

and generally employ it in the form of cigarettes, a green leaf being used as a wrapper. The Judge was short of "mixin's" one day, and decided to try the Moi brand. It nearly ruined him. His stomach was upset for a week, and he never again indulged.

The use of betel nut, which is really not betel nut at all, but arica nut, a bit of tobacco, and a frag-

ment of lime, the whole neatly wrapped up in a betel leaf, is universal. Even children of three and four chew it. It stains the lips and the saliva red, and the teeth black. I could not see that its use predisposed to cancer, for I saw not a single case of that disease, and the teeth of the majority of the natives



A "big-game" hunt in Annam. Diana chews "betel nut" as she works

examined appeared to be in very good condition. I think the use of tobacco by children of tender age impressed us most. Tiny little tads of three and four and five years, dressed only in a broad smile and a gee string, would do almost anything for an American cigarette. And they certainly did enjoy it when they got it! They would puff, and watch smoke

rings, and blow and swagger, just like a bunch of high school freshmen.

For some reason, possibly because of underlying religious prejudices, few of the Mois are good sportsmen. Minh was a notable exception. In capturing fish, they prefer nets, or the use of poison berries, or the bruised root of a poison tree, an infusion of



A Moï crossbowman. Darts poisoned with strychnia are employed

which temporarily stupifies all of the finny inhabitants of even a large pool.

They seldom trap game. They have no firearms, but depend wholly upon powerful crossbows, and bamboo arrows poisoned with strychnia. Even elephants may be killed with this weapon. The bow is of a dark, flexible wood, and is built with a "pull"

of from 60 to 80 pounds. The barrel is peculiarly shaped, and there is no stock or handle. The left eye is employed in aiming, and the trigger is manipulated with the forefinger of the right hand. The weapon is clumsy, but is quite accurate, and will throw a bamboo dart through an inch pine board.



The dogs quickly learn to climb ladders

The poison is obtained from the parent tree, the juice being smeared on the point of the arrow, and allowed to dry. When one realizes how small an amount of nux vomica is needed for a fatal dose, one can appreciate the effect of several grains, injected with a bamboo "hypodermic" of this type, directly into the circulation.

The Annamite language is both musical and resonant, and when you first hear two gentlefolk conversing, it sounds as if they were singing to each other. Inflection plays an all-important role, and I fear that only an alien who is a vocal genius could ever succeed in mastering it. For example, take the



Two lonely graves in the jungle

term "Ma." According to the inflection used, it possesses six different meanings! For example:

- Ma means But
- Ma means Young rice
- Ma means Horse
- Ma means Ghost
- Ma means Tomb
- Ma means Mama

In many respects, both the Mois and the Annamites remind one of the Burmans.

Kindly, gentle and hospitable, with cheerful and childlike dispositions, they are averse to war and strife, and are content to go quietly and peaceably on their way, and allow others to do likewise. Their example is one which might be profitably followed by the people of some other, and supposedly more enlightened, Oriental nations.

A Modern Kim



VERY successful story must have a hero, and mine shall be Louis Hughes Augustus Defosse. A big name, for a little boy. When M. Defosse first called on us at the Grand Rotonde, he brought with him a long-legged youngster in typical French knee pants, whom he introduced as his son, "Louie."

Louie appeared to be a charming little chap, with a flirtatious dimple in his right cheek which I felt sure would ultimately get him into serious trouble with the fascinating flappers of Saigon.

He had a big teddy bear under his arm, which he had purchased, after much haggling, from an Annamite shopkeeper in the bazaar for his baby sister, Yvonne. Thoughtfulness like that in a boy is rare, and it pleased me very much. For himself, he had bought a gaily-colored, elastic rubber ball. This he insisted upon bouncing on the floor of the dining room, to the alarm and consternation of the garçons, who were darting about with armfuls of china.

I saw no more of him until we reached the station on Wednesday morning. And then he was a changed boy. In the interval, he had acquired an air rifle, and, with matches for ammunition, he was giving some of the grinning, good-natured coolies the surprise of their lives.

As soon as the train started, Louis started, too. Now in one section, now in another, holding learned conversation with the engineer one minute, haranguing a faquer, or quieting an irritated, squalling baby the next, he was the life of the party. Everybody appeared to know him, and, to my astonishment, he



Louie goes shopping for buffalo baits. Note the small canine

rattled off French, English, Annamite and several brands of Moi with equal facility and fluency. I have never met a boy with so many and diverse accomplishments. Apparently, while he did not patronize the Saigon-Phantiet "Express" very often, his personality was one which people remembered. I of course appreciate the fact that Anglo-European children are as a rule more precocious than those of

either parent race, but Louie's knowledge appeared to be so well founded and so firmly fixed that I was astonished. And during the two months that followed, my wonder grew.



An armful of beautiful orchids

He had never been inside the door of a school-house, but his father generally managed to give an hour and a half each day to his lessons, and he was well grounded in all of the elementary branches. The boy had an excellent sense of humor, and this,

together with his thoughtfulness and natural kindness of heart, made him popular with the men. Despite the fact that he had been born and reared in the jungle, he appeared to be as much at home in the market and the bazaars as the most experienced habitue. He knew the value of most of the



Both Louie and his father were strong believers in the efficacy of the
8 mm. Lebel

articles displayed for sale, and he certainly was never slow in expressing an opinion.

He had a deep dislike for liquor and tobacco, probably acquired from his mother, for his father was not averse to an occasional bottle of Golden Seal, and was never separated for long from a powerful and sturdy little tobacco pipe. In fact, I used to

think our white hunter took the latter to bed with him.

Louie loved Kipling and Stevenson, and to hear him sing "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, Yo Ho Ho, and a bottle of rum" would have filled the heart of dear old R. L. S. with joy. He didn't know much about the time and the meter, but he was strong for the bloodthirsty strain, nevertheless.

Occasionally he would try his own hand at versifying, and not always with very promising results. At one period during our safari, I had a marvelous streak of luck with my marksmanship. Even the poorest of shots, if they have spent much time in the field, will recall similar exacerbations. In all my life, and I have owned a gun since my eighth year, I can recall only two previous "visitations" of this sort; once, when I was shooting frogs with an old Stevens target rifle, along the creek near where I was born, and once while trying out a new Crosman air rifle on chipmunks, at the Mission Hills Golf Club. It certainly is a "great and glorious feeling" while it lasts, but unfortunately with me it never lasts very long.

So Louie immortalized the phenomenon in the following Annamite paraphrase:

Mot cai sung Holland no trong rung,
Mot con kenken la o trong dau,
Va thang map no ve nha voi
Cai dau no o trong cai bao
Con mot ong cop nua chet roi.

Which, freely translated, reads something like this:

“A Holland squibbed in the jungle,
A vulture screamed o’erhead;
And a fat man came back, with a head in a sack,
Another tiger dead!”

Of course vultures do not scream, and people do not carry tigers’ heads around in sacks, but I have known of real poets who took even greater liberties than that with the little inland town of Mandalay and got away with it, and, besides, Louie is not a regular contributor to the “Atlantic Monthly,” so why be critical? Personally, the implied compliment pleased me immensely, and I shall have the original contribution framed for my office.

Louie had an almost uncanny, and apparently intuitive, knowledge of Moi psychology. He was the official purchasing agent for the camp, and with his little sawed off, 8 mm. Lebel carbine tucked under his stirrup strap, a canteen and a compass, and accompanied by three or four satellite porters, he would ride out into the wilderness in search of buffalo baits. And we could always depend upon him to get them at the right price. Your money was safe in Louie’s hands. Once, he could not come to terms with an old villager. I happened to be with him at the time. “You talk like an orphan baboon,” he said to the recalcitrant owner. “Do you think your old rack of bones is a sacred cow? I shall go out to the rice field, where your wife is making the living, and buy

it of her. She is the boss here, anyhow." And he did!

Another time, we were trying to secure some cross-bows and a drum from a group of coolies. When we rode up to the big hut, we found them hard at it, dancing, and chanting some of their spiritual dog-



Louie brings in a wild boar

geral. Louie listened for a moment, and then looked at his watch. "I think they are about half through," he remarked, quietly, "We can do nothing with them now. I think I know where we can go and shoot a wild pig. We will go and shoot the pig, and by the time the porters get it back to camp, we can return here. Then they will all be drunk on rice

alcohol, and we can do with them what we like." The plan worked, most admirably.

He was an excellent shot, and when he happened to miss, which was seldom, he was moody and apologetic for hours afterward. While he delighted in pursuing the larger game, I think he killed more wild peacock than anything else. He was truly a peacock specialist. Despite the difficulties encountered in stalking these handsome and wily birds, Louie managed to bring in five or six a week. With these, and sambhur, barking deer, and wild pig, he kept the larder so well supplied that we were enabled to devote practically all of our time and energies to the pursuit of tiger, elephant and buffalo.

He was very anxious to kill a tiger at night, employing a flashlight to "shine its eyes," and I often accompanied him on these nocturnal excursions. We travelled by bullock cart, and Minh, who knew the territory around the Camy River camp as the rest of us know our own front yards, was our favorite driver. I shall never forget those wild rides! We would start about nine o'clock, and make a five or six mile circle through the smaller jungle growth, and the tall elephant grass, clambering over rough kopjes, tearing madly down steep embankments, with silvery creeks and deep "tanks" at the bottom, now on one wheel, now on both, clinging by an eyebrow, as it were, and all the time praying that we'd meet a tiger in the dark! It's a great life, if you don't weaken.

Once, with Thong as bull-whacker, we were investigating some very promising ground, near a recently fired area. The barking deer and the sambhur come out to feed on the tender new grass, and here they prove easy prey for their carnivorous enemies. The moon was down, and except for the beams of



Louie on his pony, ready for the march

light from our headlamps, it was as black as the inside of a pocket.

Presently we discovered a pair of greenish eyes, separated by a space of six or eight inches, staring at us from the thick marginal cover, seventy yards away. Louie kicked Thong in the ribs, as an intimation that game was afoot, and to stop the cart,

and both of us slid out on the ground. The luminous eyes had disappeared, but we could guess the direction in which the owner was headed, and we hoped to intercept him on his way to the jungle.

Louie ran in one direction and I in another, but no tiger did we see. Finally, we started back toward



Louie with a young sambhur

the cart. Just then we heard a tremendous racket in that vicinity, and the rattle of the wheels as the bullocks tore off toward home. We could also hear Thong's gentle expostulations, as he remonstrated with his bovine steeds. For once I was glad that I could not understand Annamite, for he spoke harshly.

As we cautiously worked our way down the donga,

both of us happened to glance up toward the top of the ridge at the same instant. And both caught a glimpse of a graceful, mottled, shadowy form, slipping away into the darkness. "Damned old leopard," muttered Louie. He had learned to swear from a Major in the 7th U. S. Cavalry, and, while he indulged only under severe provocation, for an amateur he did well. "Tried to stalk the bullocks," he added, sententiously.

Half a mile further on, we overtook Thong, who was vainly endeavoring to unwrap his cart and steers from around a small coka tree. At the time, it seemed just the thing to do, but sometimes since I have wondered just exactly what we should have done with a tiger if we had found one. They say that Providence looks after the young and the unsophisticated, however, and I guess that we would have muddled through, somehow.

Occasionally, Louie's infantile complex would crop out, and it was as great a joy to see him play small boy again as it was to see him act the man. He was the proud owner of three mongrel puppies, wholly unrelated, and equally valueless, which he had acquired at various times, and of which he was inordinately fond. One of these, a fat little black rascal, with brown spots over its eyes, he generally took with him when he went shopping for bait. He carried the little dog in his saddle pocket, or had one of the porters carry it under his arm. He had also brought from home a tin railway train, run by clock-work, and, of all things, a tiny, fuzzy-haired doll,

with open and shut eyes! The wild Moi kiddies had never before seen a real doll, and it was the wonder of the villages where we stayed. I am ashamed to



On Louie's game list, barking deer stood next to peacocks

say that we teased him a great deal about it, but he refused to part with it, and the flaxen-haired beauty was still in his ditty box when we returned to Gia Huynh, the latter part of February.

The Judge used to get very fed up on the lizards

that invariably shared the cabins with us. In a way his indignation was excusable, for they would drop on his chest as he slept, or rattle, snake-like, through the dry, palm leaf roof when he tried to sleep, and fall down his neck as he dined. There was one, at Lagna, that we called "Bill."



Louie with a thirty-pound wild peacock

Bill was particularly obstreperous, and one day he pushed the Judge's patience just a bit too far. William, I am ashamed to say, actually tried to take a bath in the Judge's tea! "Oh, Louie, come here with your crossbow, and shoot this darned lizard," called my exasperated partner. Louie heard only the words

"come" and "crossbow," but when he arrived and found what was wanted, he refused to act. "Shoot Bill!" he exclaimed, "Why, Bill is our friend. He catches mosquitoes, and flies, and keeps you from getting fever" (he hadn't, for the Judge had just gotten over a severe chill, but sentimental Louie overlooked that). "I would not shoot Bill for—for a thousand piastres." So Bill went scot-free.

At Camy, we had a bunch of cute little lizards in our grass thatched bungalow. We got to know them so well that we gave them individual names, Mary Ann and Donna, Emmy Lou and Margaret Jo. Mary Ann was a flirtatious blonde, and Donna a dear, industrious little lizard, who caught more flies than all of the rest of her friends put together, while Emmy Lou was socially inclined, and was always pulling off parties, and amateur theatricals. Margaret Jo was a gecko, a beautiful, silver-coated, dark-headed, goo-goo-eyed gecko, and all she needed was a mantilla and two pairs of high-heeled slippers to make her look like a Spanish princess.

I was not with Louie when he shot his first tiger, but he did it, and apparently he did it well, for the two hundred and forty grain, soft-nosed bullet entered almost exactly between the big fellow's eyes, and loosened up the whole top of his cranium.

The next morning, I called across to Louie, "Hello, Old Sport, let's go out and get another cat, this morning." "No, Monsieur le Docteur," he replied,

"If you do not mind, I think I will take my little pony, and have Thong put the skin of the tiger on the bullock cart, and I will go and call on my mother and my little sisters today. I think they will want to see me, ve-ery much." Bless his heart. Can't you imagine the reception those proud women folks gave that little chap!

We Reach Calcutta



WHEN we returned to Saigon the celebration of the Chinese New Year was in full swing. To the uninitiated, I will explain that the Chinese are a quiet and conservative people, and that they seldom turn themselves loose. The arrival of their New Year is the one exception, however, and when they do decide to put on a show, they do it properly. It is like forty Mexican feast days rolled into one, and the time required is from a week to a fortnight. The first day is spent in visiting relatives and friends, the second, in settling all debts incurred during the past twelve months, and the rest of the time they eat and drink, and shoot firecrackers. The streets and the sidewalks look like narrow pastures covered with fuzzy red grass.

One old boy, he looked like a Kentucky mountaineer parson, insisted on popping the scarlet squibs directly beneath by window. Had they been of modest proportions, he might have gotten away with it, but he was ambitious, and nothing but the heaviest of artillery would satisfy him. The crackers looked like sticks of kitchen stove wood, wrapped in red bandanna handkerchiefs. So when he started in on the second hundred, and I found that verbal expostulations were vain, I dug up the Ithaca burglar pistol, and threatened to operate on him with

that. One glimpse at Lou Smith's masterpiece, and he was on his way. Good territory evidently was scarce, but he moved clear over to the other side of the hotel before continuing his nefarious fusillade.

After the second day, the banks close, and business takes a holiday. If it had not been for the friendship and foresight of Mr. Poulet, we should have been seriously embarrassed as to transportation as well as funds, but he had been through it before, and was prepared. He learned that the sailing of our boat to Singapore had been postponed two days, and as we had made allowance for only twenty-four hours, this would of course throw us out on our steamer connection there.

A small vessel, the "Roume," was ready to leave for the Peninsular port the next day, via Poulo Condore, with a bunch of life prisoners for this delectable little Devil's Island of the Orient, and arrangements were made for us to take passage on her. There was but one other first-class passenger, a French chemist, from Hai-Phong, and if it had not been for the miserable wretches between decks, we might have imagined ourselves on a private yacht.

Poulo Condore, or Buzzard's Roost, is located a few hundred miles south of the mouth of the Mekong, and for many years the French have had a penal colony there. Rocky, barren and sun-baked, it rises from the sea like a huge brown loaf. All of the prisoners were natives, a few being murderers, the rest habitual offenders. They were a modest appearing lot when herded aboard, snapped

together in pairs by the wrists, and looked to be anything but desperate characters. One, a sullen-faced brown fellow, had twice escaped from the island, by floating more than two hundred miles on an improvised raft in the open sea. He was a triple murderer, and was now being returned for the third time.



Life prisoners for Poulo Condore

On board, they were attached to a long, heavy steel bar, by means of movable clevises, which were slipped over their ankles. There were twenty in each row, and they slept, sitting or lying, on the hardwood deck. At each end of the bar a soldier, with a loaded rifle, was constantly stationed.

We reached Singapore without incident, and were

so fortunate as to catch the British India liner, the "Santhia," due to sail on the following day for Penang and Calcutta. She was a new, and very clean and tidy little boat, with Captain D'Cruz, one of the finest representatives of the merchant marine



The prisoners were fastened by the ankles to a heavy steel bar

that I have ever met, in command, and a brilliant group of young officers assisting him.

An idea of the prevalence of the "betel nut" habit may be gained from a glance at the cargo list of the "Santhia." As has been intimated, betel nut is not betel nut at all, a "chew" consists of an arica nut, with a bit of lime, which is generally calcined oyster shell, and a small piece of tobacco, the whole wrapped

in a green betel leaf. On this trip to Calcutta, we carried twelve thousand tons of arica nuts alone!

There were only three other first-class passengers, Mr. Peter Miller, Mrs. Mary Hudson, and Mrs. William O'Hara, all of Cincinnati, U. S. A. They belonged on the world cruiser "Belgenland," but had



Sacks of "betel nut," at Singapore

been compelled to stop over at Singapore, and were now hurrying to regain their ship, by boat, and then by train, at Bombay. Needless to say, their presence made the voyage a very pleasant one for us.

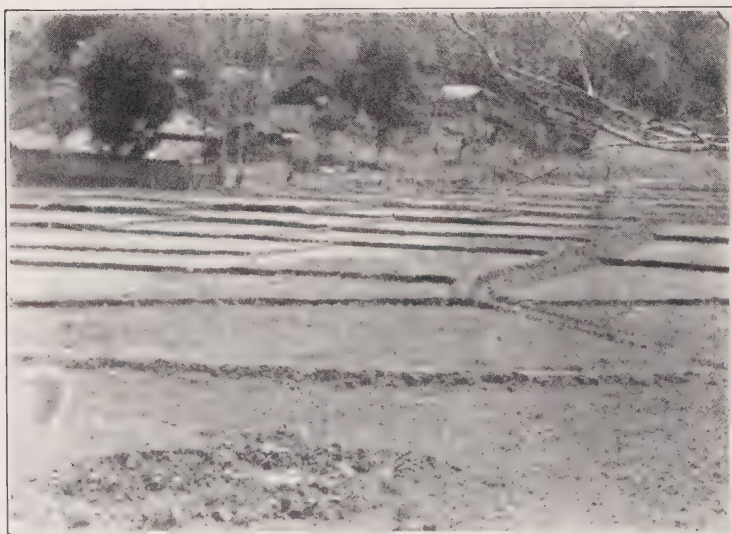
Calcutta is located on the Hooghly River, a hundred miles inland, and skilled navigation is required to reach it by boat. It was the first of March when we disembarked. Being, in a way, a guest, I do not

like to take the liberty of looking a gift horse in the mouth, but it certainly was the hottest town that I have ever visited. In comparison, Mombassa is a summer resort. How on earth the Europeans manage to survive is beyond my comprehension. The usual term of duty is three years in India and one at home, and if ever men earned their vacations, those chaps do.

Government House, Calcutta, is by far the finest house of its kind in the British Empire. In order to fully appreciate the part which this stately building, "for which posterity is indebted to the imagination and imperious temper of Lord Wellesley, who, a century and a quarter ago, determined on and accomplished the building of without the permission, or even the knowledge, of his employers, the East Indian Company, in London," one should read that inimitable story of the Viceroys and Government Houses entitled "British Government in India," by the Marquis Curzon of Kedelston, K. G.

The cool gray marble floors, the great pillared hall and throne room in the body of the building, the council chamber, rich in historic memories of "discussions as agitated and decisions as heavily weighted with fate as any private apartment in the wide circumference of the British Empire," these he delineates and colors as only the meticulous brush of a Curzon can. His industry, his love of thoroughness, and his literary brilliancy stand out in every paragraph.

To the newly arrived outlander, the two most striking features of India are the inherent wealth of the country, and the variegated character of the teeming population of her cities. The "plains," comprising thousands upon thousands of acres of fertile ground, lie flat as a table and as rich as cream. For the bene-



A bigha is approximately one-third of an acre

fit of the smaller agriculturists, the areas are divided into "bighas," each bigha containing approximately one-third of an acre, and, bearing in mind the character of the soil and the wonderfully favorable meteorological conditions, it is not surprising to learn that an industrious coolie can glean, despite the primitive methods of cultivation commonly employed, a

good living for himself and his family from one of these tiny plots.

In the urban districts, entirely different conditions prevail, and it is here, despite fair and impartial rule, and the exercise of excellent judgment and great foresight on the part of the governing class, that one finds much poverty and squalor and misery.



An Indian farmer with his bullocks and plow

As in China, however, it is not the poor or the sick who endeavor to foster discontent. It is a small group of "half-baked" malcontents who do not know what they want except that it is something else. In America, they are represented by the "pink" element occasionally found in our colleges and universities. While individuals of this type have nothing

better to offer, unless it be bolshevism, God save the mark, they are unwilling to work and to sacrifice, like the rest of us, in order to gain an honest living. Consequently, any turn, whether it be for better or for worse, may possibly serve their purpose, and re-



An agriculturist, with plow on shoulder, on his way to the field

dound to their benefit. Of the true spirit of nationalism they know nothing.

Fortunately, the majority of the natives are both industrious and sane, and fully appreciate the fact that should Great Britain wholly withdraw from India today, within less than three months the Empire would be a second modern Russia. Populated, as it is, by numerous tribes and countless castes,

many of which have widely divergent, and frequently inimical views, a strong cement indeed is needed to hold the mass together, and make of it a practical, working machine. And England, through her ideals, and her long and careful training of colonial officials (politics play no part in their selection and appointment, and a Porto Rican fiasco is unknown) is better fitted than any other nation for this thankless and unappreciated, even though righteous, and, sometimes profitable job.

A Major of Infantry, who had recently been stationed near Khyber Pass, told us of an illuminating incident. The natives in a neighboring district had been causing much trouble, "getting a wee bit uppish," as he expressed it. They were not at all particular as to whom they "potted," and officers who were trying to play on the new and crudely improvised golf course were as frequently selected for targets as sentries on lonely outpost duty. Pursuit was useless. The mahogany-colored guerilla would flee into the hills, and seven regiments, armed with fine-toothed combs, could not have unearthed him. Finally, the Government decided to try Diplomacy. The natives were hired, at super-union wages, to construct a "metalled" (hard-surfaced) road entirely around the troublesome district. When this had been completed, the C. O. gave a group of the chiefs a free lecture, in which he expounded and emphasized the benefits to be derived from stock raising (as distinguished from cattle lifting), and other simple agricultural pursuits. He suggested that they have

their people try it. Half a dozen armored cars were then run out on the new speedway, and parked at convenient intervals. Strange to say, the lecture appeared to make quite an impression on the native leaders. Sniping in that locality ceased almost at once, and now the natives not only bring in their chickens and their garden truck to sell to the garrison, but they even keep the military road in repair! That is what one might call civilization by strategy.

Until you have been stranded in some far off British province, you will never appreciate how closely time and circumstance have bound together the two great English-speaking nations, and not until then will you fully realize what this inalienable friendship means. The importance of such a bond of affection and good-will and mutual understanding to the future welfare of a war-weary old world cannot well be overestimated.

Through the courtesy of Senator James A. Reed, Sir Esme Howard, the British Ambassador to the United States, had kindly given us personal letters to a number of prominent men in India, including their Excellencies, The Earl of Lytton, Governor of Calcutta, Sir John Kerr, K. C. S. I., Governor of Assam, his Highness, the Maharajah of Mysore, and others. These credentials proved open sesame, and we had only to make our wants known.

Assam



OUR program demanded prompt action, and we remained in Calcutta only one day. During that time we managed to accomplish a number of things.

First, we engaged quarters at a hotel which I am convinced is the poorest one, for service as well as for food, in the entire Orient. Incidentally, it also proved to be the most expensive, and I could well believe the story told by some of the "Belgenland" passengers who had been similarly imposed upon, ten days before. Seven of them, young men, had been "bedded down," that is the only term that adequately expresses it, in one small suite, and for this accommodation they were each charged twenty-five rupees a day! The food was so wretchedly poor that they had to take most of their meals at a near-by restaurant.

It was not until our return to the city, a fortnight later, that an experienced friend directed us to Spence's Hotel, where we found comfortable beds and a palatable menu. In India, it is essential that one employ a personal servant, or "bearer," who is supposed to act as interpreter, and look after some of the minor affairs of life. I have never had any luck with English-speaking natives. As a rule, the wilder they are, the better I like them. And this time, as usual, I lost out. We acquired the services of a

turtle-eyed Mussulman by the name of "John." He always prefaced his remarks with "Your Honor, Master," and whenever they do that, you had better lock your trunk, and sleep with your pocketbook under your pillow.

John ran true to form. The Judge, who has a heart as big as a coal oil barrel and as soft as a sofa cushion, is the most generous man on earth, consequently when John came at him with, "Your Honor, Master, you are my father and my mother, I have eaten of your salt. I pray of you to advance me ten rupees," he generally registered a bull's eye. He was passionately fond of rice alcohol, a fact which I discovered the second day he was in our employ, and so his parental stuff did not get him very far with me. He was next to the slowest human being that I have ever known, and when it came to packing up the luggage, or to changing cars, both my patience and my vocabulary were invariably exhausted long before the task was done.

We needed him to boss the coolies around, however, bossing being really his strong forte, and we could not well dispense with his services until after our return to Calcutta. But the minute we did get back, I promptly fired my half of John, and as a matter of course, the Judge's half had to go, too.

We arrived late on Saturday evening, and on Monday we departed for Shillong, the principal city of Assam. The Province of Assam was originally included, along with the greater part of Northeastern Bengal, in the old Hindu territory of Kamrup. Ac-

according to Gait, Kamrup, the Pragjotishpur of the ancient Hindus, was the capitol of the legendary king, Narak, whose son Bhagadatta distinguished himself in the great war of the Mahabharata.

For centuries, the Assamese, a warlike, predatory race, frequently sailed down the Brahmaputra in



On the road to Shillong

their canoes, and plundered the Mahommedans who lived in the rich delta, afterward escaping into the wilds with their loot. They constructed "lofty forts, numerously garrisoned, and plentifully provided with warlike stores, and the approach to them was opposed by thick and dangerous jungle, and broad and boisterous rivers."

To me, these repeated military successes of the

bloodthirsty and warlike hill tribes over their neighbors and relatives in the rich, and comparatively peaceful valleys, is a strong point in favor of Ridgway's anthropological argument regarding the effect of environment on national temperament and characteristics.



Near Gauhati, showing a famous island and shrine in the Brahmaputra River

Shillong is a beautiful little city, and is located in the Khasi and Jaintia Hills, fifty miles south of the famous old Gauhati shrine. It lies at an altitude of 5,000 feet, and while less popular as a health and pleasure resort than its neighbor, Darjeeling, on "the roof of the world," it is one of the most charming spots in all India.

It is an inland town, and is reached by motor from Gauhati, via the Amigaon-Pandu ferry across the Brahmaputra. The smooth, well-kept rock road winds in and out among the hills, always climbing upward, the oak, chestnut and rhododendron trees gradually give way to spruce, pine and fir, with huge and festive banderlogs (I have never seen larger, or



A cutlery dealer in the market place at Shillong

apparently happier monkeys!) disporting themselves among the branches, and short, straight-backed, muscular Khasi coolies swinging along the by-paths. These erect, splendidly developed natives are a marked contrast to their brothers in the lowlands, and it is little wonder that they proved the victors in the tribal conflicts of bygone years.

Nearly every man carries a long and powerful bow, and a small bundle of arrows. These missiles are of two types, the plain headed ("Sop"), and the sharp, barbed steel or iron tipped ("Ki pliang"). Archery is the national pastime, and marksmanship contests are popular. The people are very industrious, and are great pedestrians. They live in mud-plastered huts with thatched roofs. Some of the houses are fifty or sixty feet long, but only ten or twelve wide, and somewhat resemble freight trains.

Dairies, for the production of buffalo milk, are common, and many are located as far as sixteen miles from Shillong, the milk being carried in by coolies on foot each morning!

We saw much of the Khasi people during our brief stay in the Hills, and they undoubtedly possess many admirable qualities. In color their skins vary from a dark to a light-yellowish brown, those of the uplands being lightest in shade. Many of the males cut their hair short with the exception of a single lock in the back which is called "U niuhtrong," or grandmother's lock. A sparse moustache, frequently consisting of only a few long hairs, the others having all been pulled out, is fairly common, but we saw no beards.

They are not addicted to the use of opium, but consume large quantities of spirit which is distilled from rice and millet. They are also notorious gamblers, and they chew great quantities of "betel nut."

They are a ghost-ridden people, and strong believers in Animism. Colonel Gurdon mentions an interesting custom, observed in Nongpoh, of barricading the path leading from the forest with a bamboo *chevaux de frise* to keep out the demon of cholera.



In the market place. Note the "grandmother's lock" on the baby's head

Their worship is offered to the spirit only, they never symbolize their gods.

The Khasis depend largely upon rice and dried fish for their food, but they also eat pork, beef and fowls. They do not use milk or butter.

Their pottery, practically all of which is made at Larnai, in the Jainita Hills, is of mixed clay, fashioned by hand, and generally painted black with

an infusion of bark. The specimens which we saw in the bazaars were not particularly graceful nor well shaped.

According to Gurdon, a Khasi State is a limited monarchy, the nominal head being a Siem or chief. The powers of this functionary are somewhat cir-



Gambling, on the road to Shillong

cumscribed, however, and he can commit no act of importance without the consent of his Durbar or executive council. His principal source of income is the toll which he collects from those who sell in the markets of his territory.

Among the Khasis, the matriarchate is even commoner than among the Mois of Annam. The new husband, instead of taking his bride to a home of her

own, promptly moves in with his mother-in-law, and the wife's earnings continue to go toward the maintenance of the family. It is not until after children are born to the couple that they move into a separate home. Monogamy is the rule, and polyan-dry is not practiced. Marriage within the clan is tabooed. Divorce is fairly common.

The Khasis are strong believers in animal worship, their offerings being made in the shape of food, which was formerly placed on the flat table-stones erected to the spirits of deceased forebears. As Hearn has said, "the fundamental idea underlying every per-sistent spirit worship is that the welfare of the living is dependent upon the welfare of the dead."

A word regarding Khasi memorial stones may not be out of place. Yule, Dalton and others have in-cidentally referred to these peculiar monuments, but it is to the researches of Gurdon that we are most indebted. These memorials, which are of roughly hewn granite and sandstone, are frequently to be seen in this locality. There are several typical ones in the market-place at Shillong.

They are of two kinds, the upright, or menhirs, and the horizontal, or table-stones. The menhirs are all erected in one line, and are generally three, five, seven or nine in number, the tallest being in the middle. In height, they vary from five to twenty-eight feet. Their tops may be carved or rounded. They face no particular direction. The table-stones are near the center of the group, commonly in front of the central menhir.

Stone cromlechs, built to hold the bones of the dead, and containing no windows (for the spirits must not be allowed to escape, and trouble people!) are found in close proximity to these menhirs and table-stones, and there is undoubtedly some sentimental relationship.



Menhirs in the market place of Shillong

When we reached Shillong, and called at Government House and at the Secretariat, we found that preliminary arrangements had been made for Chief Forester Milroy, at Gauhati, who is a famous catcher and trainer of wild elephants, to take charge of our shoot. A few minutes later, however, I received a telegram from Jack May, Esq., who is one of the managers of the largest jute plantation in the world,

near Kumarikhata, in Kamrup District. Mr. May is a widely known, and very enthusiastic shikari, and he and his Chief, Colonel Robert Glenn, had previously invited us to shoot there.

He informed me that the elephants were on the way, and the coolies all ready for the big drives, and to come at once. We were deeply grateful to his Excellency, the Governor, Sir John Kerr, and to the Secretary, Mr. Calvert, for the many courtesies extended to us, but I knew that Jack May meant business, and as our time was limited, the next morning at eight we started for Rangiya Junction.

The two principal industries of Assam are tea and jute. We had previously investigated tea gardens, but neither of us knew for certain whether jute was a climbing vine or an edible shrub.

Later, we came to know all about this valuable plant, and its intensive cultivation—from the time it is sown by hand in a carefully prepared and properly mulched field until it is harvested, cleaned, and pressed into 80 pound bales, ready for delivery to the huge modern gunny bag factories, near the mouth of the Hooghly.

The successful cultivation of jute is dependent upon a number of factors, soil, temperature, adequate moisture, and, above all, skilled, careful and painstaking labor.

Colonel Glenn was a jute expert, even before he took charge of a plantation, and now, assisted by an able and enthusiastic corps of young Britishers, Messrs. Hinde, Horne, McCrae, Morton, Derry, and

our friend, Jack May, together with several thousand coolies, and a complete and varied assortment of modern agricultural machinery, he puts a fifty thousand acre farm through its paces in a way that was a revelation to such amateurs as the Judge and me.

The plantation lies near the junction of the East and West Matunga Rivers, a stone's throw from the



Native huts at Kumarikhata

Bhutan (or Bhotan) border. While the hand work, such as weed picking, the pulverization of large, hard clods of earth, and the removal of small roots and other *débris*, as well as the cutting of the hemp-like stalks, which at harvest time are standing knee-deep in water, is done by coolie labor, the preparatory operations are performed by means of tractors, and

huge traction engines, fitted with cables and revolving drums. The engines are run parallel and abreast, one at each end of the big field, and the implements, gang plows, discs, and wide steel harrows, are clamped, in turn, to the cable, and dragged back and forth across the area under cultivation. I understand that similar methods are employed on the great beet sugar farms in the Far West.

It certainly was a most effectual combination of the old methods and the new. The engines are of the Fowler type, and one entire set of machinery, consisting of two traction engines, a gang plow, a big harrow, and a row of discs, originally costs a little more than four thousand pounds (about twenty thousand dollars). The implements are very durable, however, and the Scotch engineers give them the best of care and attention. We saw one set which was still in excellent condition after ten years of continuous use.

We reached Rangiya Junction, the station nearest Kumarikhata, at four in the afternoon. We were still twenty-six miles from our final destination. It had been raining at intervals all day. Mr. May had wired the only car owner in town to meet us, and take us out. The Indian was there, but no car. He could not speak English, but made up for it with the eloquence and fluency of his Hindustanee. He explained that only an aeroplane could negotiate the road in its present condition, but promised that in three days, if it did not rain any more, he would without fail deliver us at our friend's front door.

This was pleasing news, for we were due to sail in twelve days.

I left the Indian to argue with John and the Judge, and went in search of sympathy and advice. The



An Oraon girl at work on a jute plantation

Station Master, a fine looking Anglo-Asiatic, appeared to be the only person thereabout who had any sense. Just as I started to enter the little cubby hole where he presided in much dignity and state, a

big buffalo cart was driven up to the door. It gave me an idea. Why not go out in a buffalo cart?

If there is one extra-curricular branch upon which I can qualify, and with honors, it is bullock carts. I have ridden hundreds and hundreds of miles in them, behind single, double and quadruple bovine steeds, and while I have yet to find one that was comfortable,



The Judge inspecting the buffalo carts at Rangiya Junction

I have never failed to arrive. Next to death and taxes, they are about the most dependable things on this earth.

And an Indian buffalo cart is to a Cambodian bullock cart what a buckboard is to a wheelbarrow. In other words, it is a vehicle *de luxe*.

When I questioned the Station Master, he said,

"Why not? Colonel Glenn rides in one, and he is almost as old as you are." Inasmuch as that handsome and doughty officer is in his early sixties, but looks to be only forty, I did not know whether to take this as a compliment or not, but it was transportation and not appreciation that I sought, so I let the remark pass without comment. I arranged for three of the big carts, and hurried back to the waiting room. There I found the Judge almost in tears. "Lead me to a decent hotel," he was begging, "Take me to where I can get a bed, and a square meal." "A decent hotel," he repeated, "and a hot bath, and a good, broiled steak, rare." If only my reader might have a bird's eye view of Rangiya Junction! A brick station, as flat as a pancake, and but little bigger than the eyebrow of a healthy mosquito, a tiny, whitewashed bungalow, the home of the station master, an Indian general store, five mud-walled native huts, and a big buffalo corral. That is Rangiya Junction. And here was my handsome young associate, demanding a bath tub, hot and cold water, and a good broiled steak, rare!

John was rolling his eyes, in his usual reptilian fashion, and saying, "Master, Your Honor, it cannot be done, it cannot be done. The road is immovable. It cannot be passed. We must wait here. You are my father and my mother. I will wait with you." Naturally, he would wait, for there wouldn't be another train for twenty-four hours, and he couldn't get away unless he walked, and John never walked if he could help it.

When I broke in, rather tempestuously, and told them that we were going, rain or shine, by buffalo cart, the Judge was doubtful, John was in tears, and the Indian who owned the car, furious. "You will then pay me for breaking of the contract," he demanded. "The Sahib telegraphed me and made a contract," he insisted. Finally I succeeded in getting behind him, and helped him out into the open air with the toe of my shoe. I then picked up one end of the heavy gun trunk, and slammed it around, to emphasize my determination. Unfortunately, or fortunately, it landed on John's toe. At any rate, it gave him something else to weep about.

Then I went out to speed up our drivers. When I had succeeded in getting them into line, I returned to the trunk. The Judge was sitting on it, apparently in deep thought. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Have you lost your passport?" "No," he replied, "I was just wondering whether I should order ham or chicken sandwiches to eat on the road." I advised him to consult the babu in the messy little eating room. He did so, and found that no meat of any kind was to be had, for love or money. So he compromised, and returned with two very suspicious looking hard-boiled eggs. One of these, in his usual open-hearted fashion, he thrust upon me. I was afraid of it, and passed it along to my driver. Apparently it did him no permanent injury, and I suppose it was all right, after all. In addition, my shooting partner invested in four bottles of soda water. The containers were of the sort which resemble a

safe deposit vault, and if you don't know the combination, you are very liable to remain thirsty. The Judge never did succeed in getting one of them open. But on our way back, he returned them to the babu, and recaptured his three rupee deposit, much to that worthy's chagrin.



Jack May, with a Himalayan black bear

Finally we were loaded, and ready to start. I had bought some straw, to cover the bottoms of the carts, and with the aid of this and our blankets we did pretty well.

Apparently my cart had recently been used for hauling live chickens and pigeons to market, for it was filled with all sorts of strange odors. It certainly

would have made a dandy Christmas present for a bird dog.

The liveryman who owned the motor car was still expostulating, but he was wise enough to remain on the outskirts of the crowd. At last we crawled in, and the caravan got under way. It was not at all unpleasant. Soon the stars came out and blinked at us, the road was soft enough to be springy, and the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the Tibetan bells on the buffaloes was sweet to hear. For the benefit of my younger readers, I will say that the Indian buffalo, instead of having

“Rings on his fingers,
And bells on his toes”

has

“A bell on his neck,
And a ring in his nose,”

for he has a disgraceful habit of playing truant, now and then, and his master would sometimes have difficulty in finding him if it were not for the bell. When he does find him, he gently admonishes the runaway with a stick, and then leads him home by the loop in his nose.

I dozed off, to awaken with a start. According to the radiolite dial on my wrist watch, it was nine o'clock. But wrist watches are notoriously untrustworthy, at least mine always have been, and this one was no exception. I slipped out of the back end of the cart to have a look. Unfortunately, we were

crossing a deep puddle at the time, and I got a boot full of water for my pains. But the water was warm, so it didn't much matter. What apparently did matter was the lighted kerosene lantern, which was bobbing around directly underneath the cart, and in very close proximity to my improvised straw mattress.

I tried to explain the danger to my driver, but he was half asleep and apparently dumb, and I got nowhere. So I crawled back into bed, emptied my boot, and tried to go to sleep again. But it was not a very comfortable night, and at five I again arose, and, as we wormed our way up a steep hill, I crawled under the wagon and blew out the lantern. Then, with mind at ease, I snuggled back in the blankets, and snoozed for two hours. We did the twenty-six miles in thirteen hours flat, and shortly after seven reached Kumarikhata, where we found a cordial welcome and a hot breakfast awaiting us.

Bengal Tigers



THE fauna of India differs but little from that of Annam. Elephant and rhino, tiger and gaur, situtunga and sambhur, pig, peacock, hog deer, and barking deer, even crocodile and python, all are to be found in many parts of the Empire.

In the hill country, the monkeys resemble those of the Darlac Range, although I am not sure that the gibbon is indigenous to India.

In the Brahmaputra, we observed large numbers of dolphins, a sight which was new to me.

While the Bengal tiger is physically identical with the tiger of Indo-China, both his habits and the habits of his spotted cousin, the leopard, vary considerably from those of the animals found in the French provinces.

In Annam and Cambodia, the leopard will take only live bait, and it is not at all unusual to find fresh leopard tracks in the immediate vicinity of a decoy which has not been touched. The tigers of the great peninsula are not so particular, and while they undoubtedly prefer fresh meat, if they are hungry they will take it in practically any condition. Inasmuch as their sense of smell is poor, they seldom find it until it is in an advance stage of decomposition.

Indian leopards, on the other hand, do not object to "high" meat, but Indian tigers prefer theirs "on

the hoof." For this reason, the methods of hunting the big cats in the two countries is entirely different.

Tigers, in varying number, are found in practically all parts of India, from Burma to the West Coast, and from the Northern Frontier to the Sunderbunds. They are probably most common in the preserved



A leopard trap

areas, and in the Central Provinces and Southern Burma.

They are shot over live baits, or over the fresh remains of their own kills, and by driving, with elephants and with coolies. I could not learn of a single instance in which one had been killed from a ground boma. A machan, or tree nest, invariably

is used. Our friend, Jack May, had killed two or three from the top of an improvised step ladder. He insists that the tiger never looks up, and that if you are a few feet above him, and remain absolutely quiet, he will not suspect your presence at all.



A Bengal tiger

The animals are wary, but owing to the fact that few of the natives possess firearms, they not infrequently kill bullocks and buffaloes right on the main street of the village. Even at Kumarikhata, we often

found fresh tracks within a few yards of the bungalow where we slept. The brutes live in the wooded nullahs, and the thick jungles along the water courses, and while far from plentiful, it will probably be many years before they are entirely exterminated.

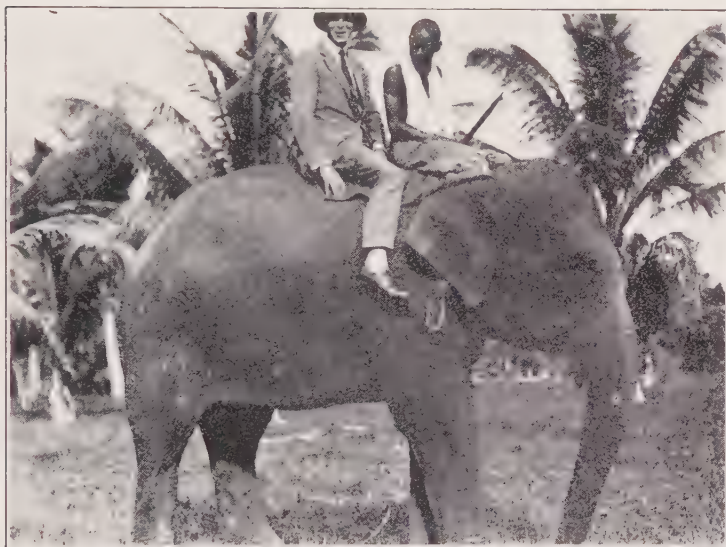
I should judge that they stick to one locality for much longer periods of time than their brothers in Indo-China do, probably because of the peculiar environment.



A good specimen of Bengal tiger, photographed by Mr. Hinde

Man-eaters here, as elsewhere, are few and far between, and undoubtedly are much less common than man-eating lions in Africa. Whenever you hear a man holding forth on the great dangers of tiger shooting, and the bloodthirsty nature of the beasts, and asserting that it is dangerous and foolhardy to wander about in tiger territory armed with anything less than two heavy rifles, four six-shooters, and a bowie knife, you may safely put him down as a spoofer, or a fool. Either he is not telling the truth, or he has been misled.

The elephants, four in number, arrived on the same morning we did. Unfortunately, the ground was so wet and soft that we could not use them for mounts. Only an elephant on snowshoes could have safely negotiated those pasty dongas. They would have sunk to their bellies at every step, and you may rest assured that they wouldn't have stepped very far,



The Judge and little "Annie" start to Sunday school

for an elephant is the most circumspect animal on earth. He never takes any chances with strange or suspicious footing. Every time I associate with tame elephants, I resolve that never again will I kill a wild one, but my reflexes are not sufficiently under control, and the very next time I bump into a wild one, I fall from grace!

Two of these were shooting elephants, one was a youngster in training, and the fourth, a simple-minded driver. The largest one had two big, rounded white spots on his head and trunk, and we promptly dubbed him "*Leucoderma acquisatum centrifugum*," or "Spot," for short. No. 2 was a beautiful animal,



Jack May and Jimmy Horne pose for their pictures

tall and slender and graceful and debonair, and we named her "Little Annie," in honor of the best waitress in the most popular club in Kansas City. "Annie" was a dandy. That is the only word which expresses her charming personality. Everybody loved her. For an elephant, she was comparatively young, not over seventy-five summers—and it must

be borne in mind that it is summer all of the time in her native land,—and she weighed only a little more than five tons. So she had to be a bit careful as to where she stepped.

She was inordinately fond of sugar cane, and I always carried a few sticks of it in the pocket of my shooting coat for her. She had but one failing, she was tiger shy! Not live tiger shy, but dead tiger shy. So long as there was real work to be done, she would face the music like an Amazon, but the minute the fun was over, "Little Annie" wanted to go straight home, and generally she did that very thing. Just like a woman. She was willing to trumpet for the buffalo cart to come and carry in the spoil, but forty mahouts and seven regiments of giants could not have persuaded her to go near a dead cat. I suspect that at some time or other a supposedly defunct tiger, while being "padded," had suddenly come to life and decided to scratch his monogram on the small of her back, but none of us except the old girl herself ever knew, and she wouldn't tell.

The smallest, as yet he was hardly out of knee pants, we called "Bobby," after my young friend and brother sportsman, Robert Sutherland. The prospects are that Bobby is going to develop into a real pukka shikari elephant, for even now he is as staunch and fearless as a seasoned old veteran. At times he may be a trifle impatient, and even rash, but the "makin's" are there, and I should like to live another fifty years, just to see how Bobby comes out.

At Kumarikhata, we put in a lot of coolies, never less than fifty, and, oftentimes, more than four hundred, on the drives, and the racket which that bunch



"Bobbie" at an early age

of natives could make was something frightful. Equipped with drums, tin pans, and old gasoline tins, and armed with bows and arrows, cookeries and dahs, they were always ready and eager for the fray.

The leading spirits were Khorwas, natural born

shikaris, and experts with the bow and arrow. Several times they succeeded in killing running deer, and on two different occasions, birds, a peacock and a jungle fowl, on the wing.



The leader of my Khorwas

Ten or twelve of them, Mihabir, Jocon, Durjan, Jitan, Sukan, Soma, Mohatran, Kalaha, Krishna, Rangel and Peto, all good old scriptural names, were my especial favorites, and when I was ready to start,

rain or shine, they were the first to volunteer. Tall, swarthy and muscular, semi-naked, with calloused feet and scarred legs, their matted hair nested full of barbed arrows, they were not a pretty bunch to look at, but they were keen and loyal, and totally unafraid.



An archer kills a barking deer

When men like that, armed with nothing but a short spear, or a heavy knife, go into the thick jungle after a vicious, snarling, wounded brute, something inside of you makes you slip forward the safety on your rifle, and trot along, too, to take your medicine, if need be, with the rest of the outfit.

I had never shot at driven animals before. While exciting, for no one could stand and listen to the

shrill yells, and the thumping of the tom-toms, the pounding on tree trunks, and the wild trumpeting of the elephants, and watch the frightened game dart out past the "stops," without a quickening of the pulse, it has not the thrill of stalking, or of boma shooting at close quarters from the ground.



Enthusiastic followers of the chase at Kumarikhata

The peacock and the jungle fowl were the first to come, then, occasionally, a partridge, and, after that, and well ahead of the beaters, the wild pig and the deer. The latter were generally headed by the beautiful *situtunga*, with the hog deer next, and then the little barking deer. Gaur, if present, often try to break through the line. Last of all, sneaking along, trying at every turn to find a safe opening, comes

Master Stripes. With the first glimpse of his tawny, soot-streaked hide, the ball opens, and afterward it often is a question of "Who killed the duck?"

May is an excellent shot, and Jimmy Horne also can hold his own in fast company, while the Judge is generally a safe bet, but I have always been rather



A fine Khorwa bowman

an indifferent marksman, and trust largely to Lady Luck. If the game is not too far away, and hesitates at the psychological moment, I occasionally score a hit. But I always get a lot of fun out of it, even if I do not shoot at all, and that is the main point.

We put up a number of machans, near fresh trails, and at one time had out nine buffalo baits. Not in-

frequently a tiger will charge a live bait, covering the last thirty or forty feet in one or two tremendous jumps. Commonly, he lands on the animal's shoulders, and, grasping its neck with his teeth, he throws



Jack May and Jimmie Horne, with two fine specimens

one front paw forward, and pulls the head around until the neck snaps.

Not infrequently a tiger will kill four or five bullocks at one visit, in the middle of the day. If un-

disturbed, he may drink as much of the blood as he can, and then either go away and never return at all, or drag one of the animals off to a more secluded spot, and come back to feed on it later.

If he does return, he seldom if ever does it more than once. Here, as in Indo-China, I did much of



A big pelt (eleven feet, two inches) near the porch of Jack May's bungalow

my travelling in buffalo carts. My driver, or gharriewallow, was a high caste (Brahman) Ghurka by the name of Himalal. His driving reminded me so much of that of a friend of mine, an eminent specialist on diseases of the nervous system who resides in the Middle West, that I nicknamed him "Andy," and the appellation stuck. Minh, my Moi chauffeur, was

reckless enough, but compared with Andy, Minh was a milk and water lounge lizard. Even if it had been left to Lyle, Andy would have experienced much difficulty in securing accident insurance.



"Himalal," "Abdallah," "Hadji" and the author, waiting for a tiger

Our favorite team was a fine young pair of buffaloes, "Abdallah" and "Hadji," and what that live stock could not do in the way of sliding down steep banks and climbing precipices was not worth record-

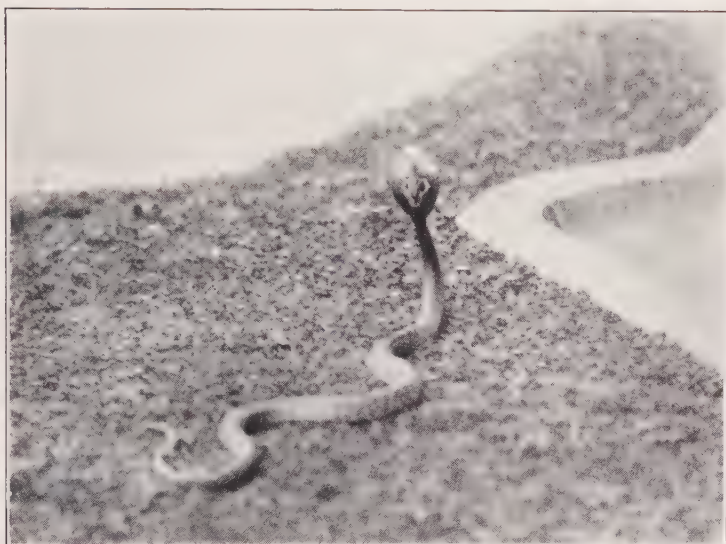
ing. All buffaloes are fond of water, and you often see an entire herd resting in a muddy pool, with only the fronts of their heads sticking out. Abdallah and Hadji were the most enthusiastic of prohibitionists,



Mr. Hinde snaps a "padded" tiger

and when the sun began to warm things up, about ten in the morning, it was all Andy and I could do to keep them from bolting into every "tank" they saw. These water holes are common in Kamrup District,

and as many of them lie in deep cups in the hills, both entry and exit may prove risky, or even dangerous. Andy was very proud of the team, which was his personal property. He never struck them, or spoke harshly to them, and he fairly shivered when my temper slipped a cog, and I gave them a piece

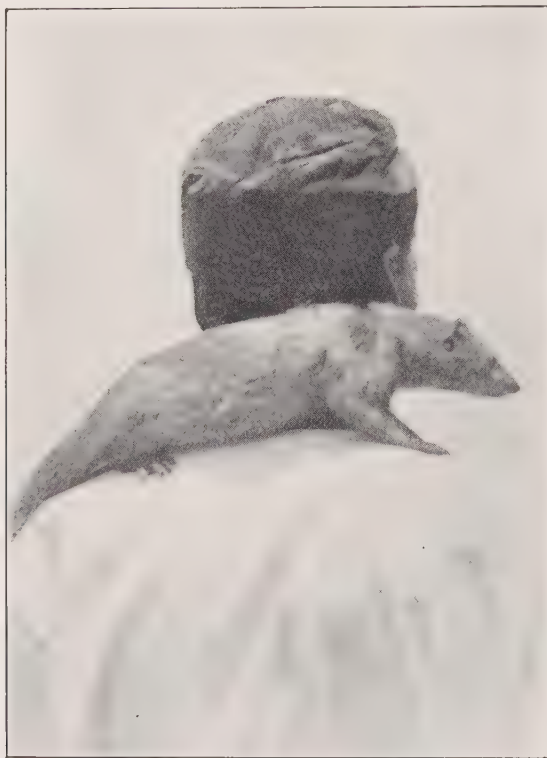


Looking for trouble. A six-foot cobra

of my mind. He endeavored to rule them wholly by moral suasion. What was really needed was a hefty and well-sharpened elephant hook.

When I saw that the inevitable was going to happen, I would roll out at the tail end of the bus, at the imminent risk of breaking the stock of my rifle, or my camera lens, or even my own precious neck, and Abdallah, Hadji and Andrew, with the big cart,

would go thundering down a sixty per cent grade, to wind up at the bottom of a dirty, crocodile infested pond, possibly eight or ten feet deep. Occasionally,



A mongoose on the shoulder of his owner

I failed to connect, or, rather, disconnect, in time, and then "to those who have ridden in such fashion, no description is necessary, to those who have not, words are wholly inadequate."

The boys, and particularly my Khorwas, had an

excellent sense of humor, and the way they guyed that high caste young Ghurka was a caution. When we arrived at an inviting looking tank, they would line up to watch the fun, and if Andy did manage



A "pet" cobra

to keep his steeds under control, they appeared to be sorely disappointed.

There are not many snakes in Assam, and we saw only two cobras. A fight, if fight it can be called, for

it is a very one-sided affair, between a cobra and a mongoose, is an extremely interesting spectacle. A mongoose somewhat resembles a large, gray prairie squirrel, but its eyes are red, and they grow redder



Mongoose and cobra

with anger, and it has an inordinate appetite for cobra liver. The instant one sees a cobra, he goes straight for it, hammer and tongs, and the speed at which he operates is something amazing.

In order to avoid intervention at a critical moment, I purchased a snake outright, and pitted it against a fiery little bushy tailed mongoose on open ground. It proved a poor investment, for I was out ten rupees



The aristocratic python which gave me a playful squeeze

worth of cobra in about .0000006 of a second, and Rikki Tikki Tava was wiping his bewhiskered nose on the grass, and clucking for more. I really believe that he could successfully have taken on six snakes at once.

We captured, and despatched, a large and beautiful python, an eighteen footer, which had just squeezed a young barking deer to death, and was at the moment busy preparing the poultice-like mass for dinner. The big fellows are wonderfully strong. While playing with a supposedly tame one, twelve feet long,



A twenty-foot python

at Negambo, Ceylon, a few weeks later, it suddenly decided to give me a friendly hug, and before its owner could unwind it from around my body, it had clamped down and reduced my waist line by at least nine inches. I felt as if someone was trying to knot a steel cable about my middle with the aid of a steam winch.

One afternoon, Colonel Glenn and I visited a "Dar-

ranga Mela," or bazaar, just over the frontier, in Bhutan. This is forbidden territory, for the Bhutians are great practical jokers, and sometimes they make things disagreeable for alien callers.

These barbarians live far back in the Himalayas, but once each year several hundred of them gather



A well-fed snake

at the bazaar, and here one finds them at their best, arrayed in all sorts of strange looking and tawdry finery. They swap ponies, exchange stories, drink interminable glasses of tea and of rice beer ("zu"), eat indigestible sweetmeats, gorge themselves on dried and preserved fish that smells to high Heaven, and have a good time generally.

I saw no cases of leprosy or of yaws, but parasitic skin diseases, as well as voracious animal parasites, were common, and there were many examples of goiter.



Youthful visitors at the bazaar in Bhutan

The Bhutians are polyandrists. When a woman marries the eldest son in a family, she automatically takes to husband all of the younger brothers at the same time. The rule does not work both ways, how-

ever, for when the youngest son marries, his wife is his alone, in so far as the other and immediate members of the family are concerned, although she may decide to gather in another husband or two from outside the fraternal fold. This peculiar institution undoubtedly is dependent upon the scarcity of



A family group at the bazaar

women, for more unprepossessing females it has never been my ill fortune to meet. And the majority of them were as dirty and slovenly as they were homely.

The bazaars are wholly under British military control, and the sergeant in charge told us that they kept him and his men constantly on the jump. Generally

they fight with their big Ghurka knives, which are called dahs, or das, and so expert do they become in the use of these murderous, razor-edged weapons



Two dandies from Bhutan

that they can cut a man's head completely off at a single blow.

The days at Kumarikhata passed very swiftly for us, and while we did not secure as many tigers as in

Indo-China, we got a fair amount of shooting, and we certainly did have a corking good time.

Mr. G. L. Hinde, one of Mr. May's colleagues, is a wonderfully expert photographer, and an authority on orchids as well. He owns a private collection of more than eight thousand different varieties, by far the largest in India. I spent one very pleasant day with him.

We were unfortunate in the matter of weather, for, despite the fact that it was the dry season (the monsoon breaks in June, and lasts until October), it rained almost every afternoon.

In consequence, the return trip to Rangiya Junction also had to be made in a buffalo cart. This really pleased me, for somehow I felt that it would be sacrilegious to compress a delightful twelve hour journey into a forty-five minute automobile ride.

We arrived, safe and sound, and that afternoon caught the Calcutta Express for the coast.

Tribes and Castes



WHILE the present population of the Indian Empire consists of representatives from scores of different tribes, in a discussion of the customs, habits and characteristics of the people, caste is of far more importance than nativity. Caste may arise from race, occupation or religion, and, while practically universal, it is only in India that it may be considered as transcendental.

Originally, the Aryans recognized four castes, or jats; Brahmans, or priests; Kshatriyas, or warriors; Vaishyas, or merchants and agriculturists; and Sudras, or laborers. As time went on, each of these jats was divided and subdivided, in order that every possible contingency might be met, until now it forms an unbreakable, even though almost intangible, net in which the ambitions and the progress of the majority of its adherents and devotees are most effectually strangled. Every Hindu is born into a caste, and his caste determines his social standing throughout life. From it there is no escape. The victim is powerless.

The subject is too vast for its intelligent discussion in a book of this character, and as all of my observations were made during a brief visit to a rural community, I shall confine my description to the

habits and customs of the people whom I met while there.

The four major religions are Hinduism, Buddhism, Janism, and Sikh, although practically all are frank Animists, and firmly believe in spirits. So absolute is this belief, and so fearful are its adherents, that a



A Kachari village at Kumarikhata

coolie woman always goes under her own name, and will not give the name of her husband (whom she usually refers to as her "old man"), for fear some harm may be visited on him.

The various castes are divided and subdivided into minor jats, usually of occupational significance, and, in a way, graded according to skill. Thus we have Kajas, or merchants; Bahras, or weavers; Panras or

Julahars, weavers of cloth; Turis, weavers of bamboo; Kacheras, glass makers; Kasais, butchers; Chaitris and Thakuris; Sanashis, or gold workers; Malars, workers in brass, Gurungs, and Thimens. Well toward the bottom of the list, because of the comparative baseness of their occupation, come the Penkas, or brickmakers.

A man may not marry outside his caste, if above, the woman is disgraced, if below, he is disgraced, and as a rule, marriage within the clan also is forbidden, consequently foresighted managers see to it that a few new laborers, of both sexes and of divers castes, are imported each season. In this way, a sort of domestic balance is preserved.

A man will not partake of food or of water which has been touched (and thus "defiled") by one of lower caste, and in many tribes, if an outsider even enters the house while food is being prepared, the victuals must be thrown away, and the utensils purified before it is safe for the owner to use them again.

The Oraons, probably the best known Dravidian speaking tribe on the gardens, stand sufficiently high in the social scale to permit of their serving as water-boys (and water-girls!) and it is from this class that the Gunga-dins usually are recruited.

At Kumarikhata, there were four representatives of the aboriginal tribes; the Khorwas, the Mundas, the Oraons, and the Santhals. In addition, there were Nepalese (Ghurkas), Bhuyias, Goars, Gonds, Bengalís, Oriyas, Pankas, Kacharis, Kumars (or

Kumhors), Doms, Kharias, Chiks, Raj Goars (or Goars), Punjabis, Khols (these are the Bhumij Khols or Kols, as distinguished from the Kols of Rewah), and the Mymensingh Mussalmen.

There are two main groups, as represented by original, or primitive, languages, the Dravidian (used by the Tamils, Kondhs, and Oraons), and the Kolarian (used by the Santals, Mundas, Kharias, and Savaras). "Tea Bat" or "coolie bat," is today the common tongue of the gardens, and is the universal language of the agricultural districts.

The Khorwas, or Korwas, are Dravidians, and have a legend that they descended from scarecrows (Risley). They are ancestor worshipers, and pronounced Animists. The men are not particularly fond of work, but the women are excellent laborers in the tea gardens and on the jute farms. The tribe originally hails from Sirguja and Palamau, and there are three or four sub-tribes.

The Mundaris are most numerous in Assam, Cooch Behar and Orissa, and their language is of Kolarian origin. Tribally, they are divided into three hundred or more septs (exogamous), each sept having a separate and distinct totem (cobra, fish, turtle, etc.).

They, too, are Animists, and ancestor worshipers.

The head priest of the village, the Pahan, is the official sacrificer, and is it he who makes peace with disturbed and dissatisfied spirits, and presides at the periodical festivals in the sacred groves.

In the marriage ceremony, a mango tree, carefully

encircled with a slender thread, oftentimes is employed as a witness.

The bodies of the dead are buried, and the bones afterward dug up, and placed in the family plot, near the ancestral village. Here they are covered with a great slab of flat stone. This privilege is one which is highly prized by the Mundari families, for it carries with it the right to hold and cultivate a certain amount of village land, free from taxes.

The Oraons are principally found in Behar, Orissa, the Central Provinces, and Ranchi. There are several sub-tribes—Dhanka-Oraon, Munda-Oraon, etc. Walker holds that they are clearly allied to the Mals of the Rajmahals. This tribe, like the Mundas, has a large number of exogamous totemistic septs.

Polygamy is permitted, although not generally practiced. Divorce is common.

The Oraons are a happy, carefree people, fond of the good things of life, and are somewhat materialistic. They prefer visible objects of worship, even though they be only rocks or posts, and while they acknowledge a Supreme Being, they believe that His plans frequently are thwarted, or made to miscarry by evil and malignant spirits which must be propitiated by sacrifice. They are very fond of grilled mice, which they consider a great delicacy. When a young Oraon calls on his sweetheart, instead of presenting her with a box of Wolferman's chocolates, he carries along half a dozen grilled field mice, neatly done up in a green leaf, and tied with a pink string.

The customs of the Santals in many respects resemble those of the Mundari, although they cremate, or partially cremate, their dead, a procedure probably borrowed from the Hindus, and cast the ashes into water. In matters matrimonial, their conduct is elastic and even lax, and while their principal god, Thakur, is a very kindly and beneficent being, they are always getting into trouble with spirits of lesser magnitude but of more or less demoniac character. These godlings, or "bongas" inhibit the sacred groves, clumps of trees which are left standing when the primitive forests are cut down, and require frequent propitiation by sacrifice.

When a malevolent bonga enters or takes possession of an individual, sickness and ill luck are bound to result, and recovery will ensue only after the sacrifice of a suitable life, that of some domestic animal now being offered in place of a human being, as in former (in fact, fairly recent) years.

Instances of fraternal polyandry, as with the Bhutians, is not uncommon. The tribe is a comparatively numerous one, and its members have an excellent reputation as agricultural laborers.

According to Lyall, the Ghurkas, or Gurkas, are a race arising out of the intermixture of Hindus from the plains with the war-like hill tribes, and the combination has not always been a happy or a peaceable one.

As far back as 1800, the tribe began to cause trouble in Nepal, that tiny little buffer kingdom

wedged in between India and China, and it was not until 1816 that the Ghurkas were compelled by the English to submit to a rather expensive, though ultimately economical, and permanent peace.

In many respects they are an admirable people, industrious, moral, and law-abiding. The women are excellent field laborers, and the men brave, hardy, loyal, and dependable. They are very fond of the chase, and are expert with such primitive weapons as the bow and arrow.

The Bhuiyas are a numerous and widely scattered tribe, and while slow, apathetic, and lacking in initiative, are skilled agriculturists. In fact, literally the name means "children of the soil" (Risley). The majority are Animists, although their religious views often tend to partake of those of the people among whom they dwell. In some parts of India, the Bhuyias, under the appellation of "Kamias," serve practically as bondservants, without pay. A man will contract to borrow, say, twenty rupees, and then spend an entire life time working to pay the interest!

The Goars, also known as Goalas and Goals, constitute an important jat, with many sub-castes, as Uriyas, or Oriyas. According to Walker, the marriage customs vary with the District. In Chota Nagpur, marriage is usually adult, a Brahman officiating. The bride's forehead is always smeared with vermilion. In Cooch Behar, infant marriage is fashionable, and generally conforms to the usual Hindu type.

The majority of Goars are herdsman and cultivators. They also make admirable personal servants.

The Gonds (Koiturs, or Kols) are of the Dravidian family, and while they number almost three millions in India, there are only a few thousand in Assam. For the most part they are employed on the tea gardens. They boast of many separate castes, from



A Kachari spinner

priests and minstrels, soothsayers and skilled metal workers, down to ordinary coolie day laborers, and, like many of the tribes already described, are subdivided into various exogamous septs, some of which are plainly totemistic.

Marriage by capture, or by mock capture, is not uncommon among the Gonds, and if the man be poor,

he can work for the prospective father-in-law until he has earned the bride price. Jack May told me that he had known of instances in which a patient Jacob had labored for as long as five years!

The Pankas also are Dravidians. Their religion is colored with Hindu beliefs, although the caste is divided into a number of septs, some of which are named after reptiles and animals. Like the Kacharis, they worship, and perform their marriage and other solemn ceremonies, around a sacred tree or pole. As a rule, they follow the occupation of weaving, or of cultivating the soil.

To me, the Kacharis were one of the most interesting of all the tribes represented at Kumarikhata. They are a very virtuous people, and the elders rule the little villages, which are always kept as neat and clean as a pin, with rods of iron. Woe betide the man or woman who is dishonest, or who oversteps the bounds of propriety!

They hail from among the scattered hamlets in the Himalayan foothills of Assam and Northern Bengal. In Bengal they are known as Meches, although they call themselves Boros, or Bodoes.

They conduct religious worship beneath a sacred tree, and, like all Animists, are intensely superstitious. A few years ago, the entire population of the village spent all of its spare time for several weeks in preparing a rice field which Colonel Glenn had allotted to them for their own use. They grubbed stumps, piled and burned brush, ploughed and harrowed the

ground, and picked up all of the roots and *débris*. Just about the time the job was finished, one of their women had an epileptic fit while working in the field. Presto! The Kacharis promptly abandoned the project, and not a one of them could ever



A Kachari weaver

be persuaded to come near the place again! No convulsive devils snooping around for them!

While they consider the cow an object of great veneration, and worship her accordingly, much of their devotion is spent upon the sacred tree (usually a cactus) in the middle of their compound. They consider that it plays a very important part in their lives, and they water and "feed" it, perform their

sacrifices beneath its boughs, and beseech the spirit which is supposed to inhabit it.

While excellent and dependable agriculturists, it is in spinning and weaving that they particularly excel.

They are a cleanly and honorable people, proud of their tribe and of the purity of their clan, and, despite their somewhat extraordinary religious beliefs, are a credit to the native population of the Indian Empire.

The Kumars, or Kumhars, are a widely distributed caste throughout India. Potters by occupation, they are also skilled and dependable cultivators and laborers. While Vaishnavism appears to be the favorite religion, and they lean to the primitive types of Hinduism, each of the numerous septs into which they are divided has its own particular animal, plant or fish which it reverences in a suspiciously totem-like manner. Infant marriage is the rule, although the alliance of adults is allowed in some districts. Under any circumstances, a bride price is always paid.

The Doms are a laboring caste, most plentiful in Behar, Orissa and Bengal, although a few are found on the jute plantations, and tea gardens of Assam. From a matrimonial standpoint, they are a bit fickle, and not very trustworthy, polygamy being the rule, and divorce common. Their religion, also, is a trifle erratic and haphazard, but tends toward Hinduism.

The Kharias come from the vicinity of Chota Nagpur, and stand high as agriculturists. They have

their own hereditary priests, and their religion is largely Animism. They worship mountain spirits, gods of propagation and of destruction, the sun, the



A sacred tree in a Kachari village

moon, and various trees. Buffaloes, goats, pigs, and chickens are sacrificed to their various deities, sometimes periodically, at others, as circumstances demand.

Their burial ceremonies are peculiar, in that they

cremate the bodies of married persons, and bury the bodies of the unmarried.

The Chiks or Pans are a low caste people, weavers and basket makers for the most part, and while the majority live in the Orissa States, a few drift over into Assam. Their religion is a combination of Animism and Hinduism, the snake being worshipped as too ancestor of the caste. Adult marriage is the rule, and divorce is easy and common.

The Khols, or Kols, are representatives of the Bhumij Kols (literally, the "earth Kols") as distinguished from the Kols of Rewah, and are justly proud of their reputation as cultivators of the soil. Walker considers them an offshoot of the Mundaris which has been converted to Hinduism. They, too, practice cremation, the ashes being interred in a family burial plot, and covered with a large, flat ceremonial stone.

Colonel Glenn described to me the marriage ceremony of this caste. The happy young couple is first united to a Mohwa tree which has the significance of a scapegoat, for it takes unto itself all of the ills and tribulations that might in future overtake the bridal pair. In this way the evil influence of demoniac spirits is averted.

Transportation and Equipment



COLONEL ROOSEVELT once said that the majority of the rewards in life come as a result of foresight, and this holds as true in big game shooting as in everything else.

Having decided upon the field of operation, and the season, an experienced white hunter must be secured. Too much care and thought cannot be lavished upon this very essential detail, for the success of the entire expedition is largely dependent upon the character and skill of this single individual.

If he is a man of ability and judgment, the probabilities are that all will be well, but if he is unskilled, lazy, inattentive or a four-flusher, your chances of success are indeed small.

I have never found it wise to economize in the matter of guides, but a high wage does not necessarily mean knowledge, good service, and loyalty.

The best guide that I have ever known cost us less than ten dollars a day, while on several occasions I have had to pay two and three times that amount, and returned home empty handed and disgusted.

At present, the best field for elephant, lion and rhino undoubtedly is Tanganyika, probably in the vicinity of the N'Goro N'Goro Crater, although larger tusks are to be found in the territory to the south and east. Kenya is a fair second.

For tiger, Asiatic elephant, and buffalo, Annam, in Indo-China, easily holds first place, with Southern Burma probably second.

The best shooting season for all big game, with the exception of buffalo, is during our mid-winter, the months of January, February and March.

Indo-China is most conveniently entered by way of Saigon, a port easily reached from either Hong-kong or Singapore.

One can also outfit there, although if the sportsman is so fortunate as to secure M. Defosse, of Gia Huynh, as white hunter, groceries only will be needed, as he supplies everything else. Defosse's services are much in demand, however, and arrangements should be made at least six months in advance.

The best route from the United States to Indo-China is across the Pacific, by way of Japan. We found the Admiral Oriental Line from Seattle, extremely satisfactory, and if one is so fortunate as to catch the "President Jefferson," Captain Frank Nichols, commanding, nothing better could be desired.

There is a fortnightly service between Hongkong and Saigon (Messageries Maritimes), with small freighters, as those of the Wo Fat Sing Line, at more frequent intervals, consequently one need not lose much time in the Chinese port.

Full details regarding all accompanying arms and ammunition should be given the British police officer

who boards the ship at quarantine, and the gun trunks had best be turned over to him until the passenger re-embarks.

You will find these gentlemen very courteous, and willing to do everything possible for you.

Guns and ammunition, as well as passports, must be registered at the police station, on your arrival in Saigon. The passports will be retained during the period of your visit.

It is possible that the gun registration might be attended to in advance by the Consular representative.

Little English is spoken in Indo-China, French and Annamite being the universal tongues. This impediment is not so serious as it first appears, however, and, between the few words that you quickly master, and a flexible sign language, you can get on quite well.

Have your letter of credit made out in English pounds, and it is also well to take along some American Express Company travelers checks, which can be readily cashed in any large city. Steer clear of French exchange.

Send all cables "deferred." In this way, only a few hours are lost, and much money saved.

By carefully gauging one's time, it should be possible to go from Seattle to Saigon, shoot for four weeks (do not try to do it in less), and return to Seattle, across the Pacific, in considerably less than four months, the time commonly required for an Alaskan trip.

Or one can catch a round-the-world steamer, from Singapore or Hongkong, the Dollar Line being the least expensive and the most dependable, as well as by far the best, and complete the circuit in about the same time.

Should you wish to shoot in India or Burma also, there is a weekly French service between Saigon and Singapore. From Singapore, one can easily reach Calcutta or Rangoon, by a British India, or a P. and O. boat.

Formerly, I thought the French the most particular people on earth regarding the importation of firearms, but at that time I had not visited India.

A Tennessee friend who was making a business trip to the Central Provinces, thought he would take along his rifle in the hope of killing a tiger. Between the police and the customs officials, he spent a week in Calcutta, and he never succeeded in getting the weapon any farther than the wharf!

All purchases of cartridges must be duly entered, in ink, on the back of your gun license, and the number is limited. Jack May, who shoots a great deal, told me that the authorities restricted him to fifty cartridges a year.

At the time of admission, a deposit equal to the value of the rifle is made at the Custom House, but when the gun is checked out, at the end of your trip, practically all of this is returned to you. We found the Customs officials, and especially Mr. Diaz, who had charge of our papers, very kindly and helpful.

He knew his business in every detail, and saved us much time and inconvenience.

The best route from Calcutta home is by way of Ceylon, and particularly is this true if one is incumbered with much luggage. A few days might be saved by traveling overland to Bombay, and then taking a boat to Marseilles, train to Cherbourg, and from there to New York, but if one enters France, the question of guns again bobs up. I should strongly advise a Dollar Line boat direct to Boston or New York. Short stops are made at Port Said, Alexandria, Naples, Genoa, and Marseilles, but these serve to break the long journey, and in reality very little time is lost.

Should you desire to do Africa on the same trip, the Eastern route is best. One should leave New York about October 1, for Cherbourg. From there to Marseilles by train, and a Messageries Maritimes steamer to Mombassa. Shaw and Hunter, a very reliable safari organization at Nairobi, could have everything in readiness, with supplies and porters on the shooting grounds, and by using motor cars, one should be able to do the thing properly in less than two months. The ammunition should be procured at Nairobi, also. When through, one could take a Peninsular and Oriental steamer to Bombay, do India, if desired, then sail for Saigon, via Singapore, reaching Annam about February 1, the best time for tiger, and a very good season for elephant. Finally, home by way of China or Japan, on a President boat.

While I have never shot in Burma, Captain D'Cruz, of the "Santhia," spoke very highly of the prospects for game there, and my friend, Mr. J. W. Wilson, of Calcutta, a famous shikari, prefers this territory, and particularly Southern Burma and the Sunderbunds, to all others. He advises that one rent a rifle of some reliable Calcutta firm, as Lyon and Lyon, and have them secure the license. The expense is trifling, and in this way much trouble and delay might be avoided.

In the matter of equipment, the majority of sportsmen take entirely too much. Jimmy Clark, the most popular of all the representatives of the American Museum of Natural History, once told me that a man could have a wonderful time in Africa if he landed with nothing but a suit case and a letter of credit. While I prefer a little more equipment than that, each time I take less and less.

Khaki and other cotton clothing is best purchased in Hongkong or Mombassa. Harry Pethick's tailor, Wing Hing, of 64 Queen's Road, Central, Hongkong, did some very satisfactory work for us, on short notice, and think of the joy of getting a well-made pair of khaki breeches for three dollars!

Helmets also should be purchased there, or of Simon Arzt, at Port Said. I am very partial to helmets of the King's African Rifle type. They are comfortable, durable, and, above all, they afford ample protection for the wearer's neck.

Cameras, film packs, binoculars, shooting glasses,

mosquito nets, an extra pair of spectacles, woolen socks, blankets, a rain cape, and at least two pairs of properly fitted hunting boots should be taken from home. In the matter of shooting boots, I have found those made by L. L. Bean, of Freeport, Maine, infinitely superior to all others tried. They are light in weight, comfortable, comparatively inexpensive, and will outwear two pairs of ordinary boots. On the present expedition, we used the new patent rubber, "crepe," soles, and found them highly satisfactory. They are springy, elastic, and very durable.

A snake lancet, of the Sir Lauder Brunton pattern, freshly loaded with potassium permanganate, may at times prove a great comfort.

In the matter of medical supplies, I prefer to select and pack the remedies myself. I have never had much confidence in filters, and I have none whatever in the use of antiseptics to purify drinking water. All drinking water should first be boiled.

Tablets and capsules are preferable to liquids and loose powders. Small, round tin boxes, with closely fitting lids are best, and there should be plainly printed instructions on the labels of all containers.

A japanned tackle box, with lock, makes a good carrying case. The following list is suggested:

Quinine—200 five grain capsules of quinine sulphate.

Potassium permanganate, in one and three grain tablets.

Compound cathartic pills, one hundred.

Tincture of iodine, at least two bottles, one ounce each, with tightly fitting rubber stoppers, and rod droppers.

Chlorodyne tablets, one hundred.

Hypodermic syringes, two, with extra needles.

Vials of strychnia, and morphine sulphate, with directions as to dosage, etc.

Clinical thermometers, two.

Antiseptic tablets, of Dakin's or similar character, are far preferable to bichloride of mercury, and are safe and dependable.

Aspirin, one hundred tablets, five grains each.

As to surgical supplies, it is best to play safe. You may never need a surgical kit, and, again, you may need one, the very first day you are out. I would recommend two or more first aid packets, two rolls of zinc oxide adhesive tape, half a dozen two-inch gauze bandages, a packet of safety pins, and a small surgical instrument fold containing knives, scissors, artery forceps, and a few needles, together with some silk and catgut ligatures.

I have left the gun question until the last, because it is one which is always open to argument.

First of all, do not take too many cartridges. You are not going after ducks. One hundred, of small caliber, and fifty, of large caliber, per man, is ample for any ordinary shoot.

For years, I have used ammunition of the U. M. C.—Remington brand, and I have never yet had cause

to regret my choice. I would especially recommend their new 220 grain bullet, .30 caliber cartridge.

Do not fail to take one or two Ithaca "burglar pistols." They are handy, convenient, dependable, and the greatest snake guns ever invented.

For practice on shipboard, a "Bull's Eye" target pistol will prove helpful, and for birds and other small game, I have found nothing better than a Crosman air rifle. This weapon is noiseless, powerful, and extremely accurate.

In the pursuit of big game, the choice of weapons is largely dependent upon the experience and skill of the man behind the gun. The main thing is to be equipped with a rifle and ammunition in which you have absolute confidence, and which you feel sure will do the work. I have had considerable experience with small bore, high velocity rifles, in all parts of the world, and the more I see of them, the less confidence I have in their stopping power. Personally, I strongly advocate the use of heavy bullets, not less than 220, or, better, 240 to 250 grains, and those of medium hardness are preferable to the hard-shelled ones that go to pieces at the slightest touch. For game up to buffalo, a 250 grain, semi-exposed composition bullet, made of lead and antimony, and properly jacketed, and backed with a sufficient charge of non-corrosive powder, should be ideal.

In attacking large and dangerous game in thick cover, where a wounded animal has every advantage, there is nothing to equal a high grade, English double

ejector. It can be used with the speed and facility of a shotgun, and whether it be a .450-400 Jeffrey, a .500-.465 Holland, or a .600-577 Westley Richards, if properly pointed, when the trigger is pulled you may rest assured that your quarry is anchored, right there. Weeds, leaves, and even fine twigs and small brush will not stop the bullet, or even deflect it very much.

For a light rifle, I know of nothing better than the .300 Hoffman. It handles well, and is light, accurate, and absolutely dependable.

On the present trip, we also had with us a couple of the new .375 Magnums, a Hoffman and a Holland. The Hoffman was equipped with peep sights. I gave it a thorough trial, and while it was a trifle heavy, I found it by far the most reliable large bore repeater that I have ever used. It never jammed, or failed in any way to functionate, and that is more than I can say of some of the imported repeaters of the same caliber.

Our double rifles, a .400 Jeffrey, and a .465 Royal Grade Holland and Holland, were all that could be desired in their class. While they sometimes grew burdensome on the long tramps, they never failed us at critical moments. I at first thought the Jeffrey might prove a trifle too small, but after seeing my associate operate on an elephant with it at one hundred and forty yards, my respect for the beautiful little weapon was greatly increased.

In a properly constructed arm, the four hundred grain bullet certainly has a tremendous punch.

The Judge, who had never before used a double-barrelled rifle, and was a little doubtful of his ability to score with one, returned home as enthusiastic a disciple as I have been for many years.

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